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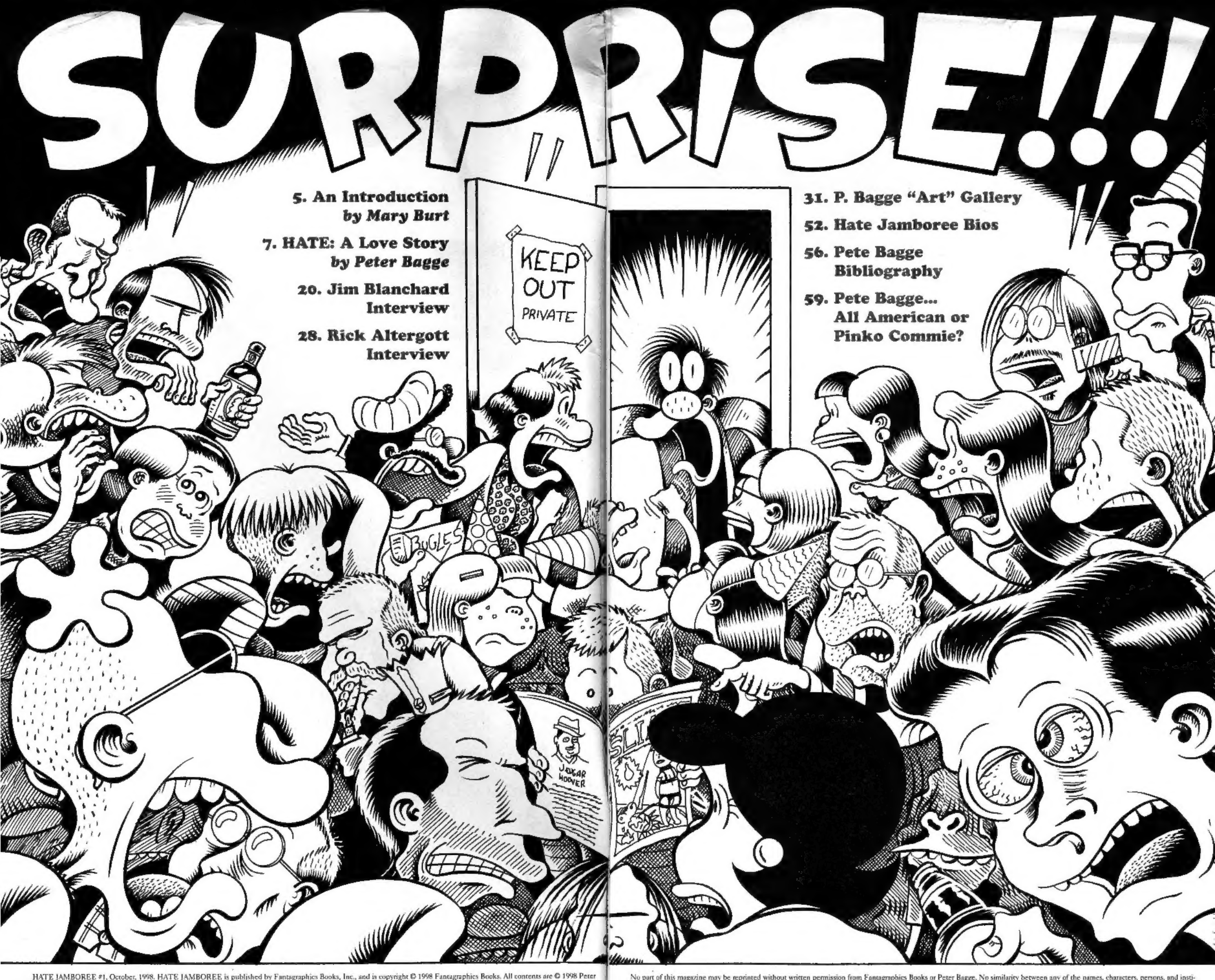

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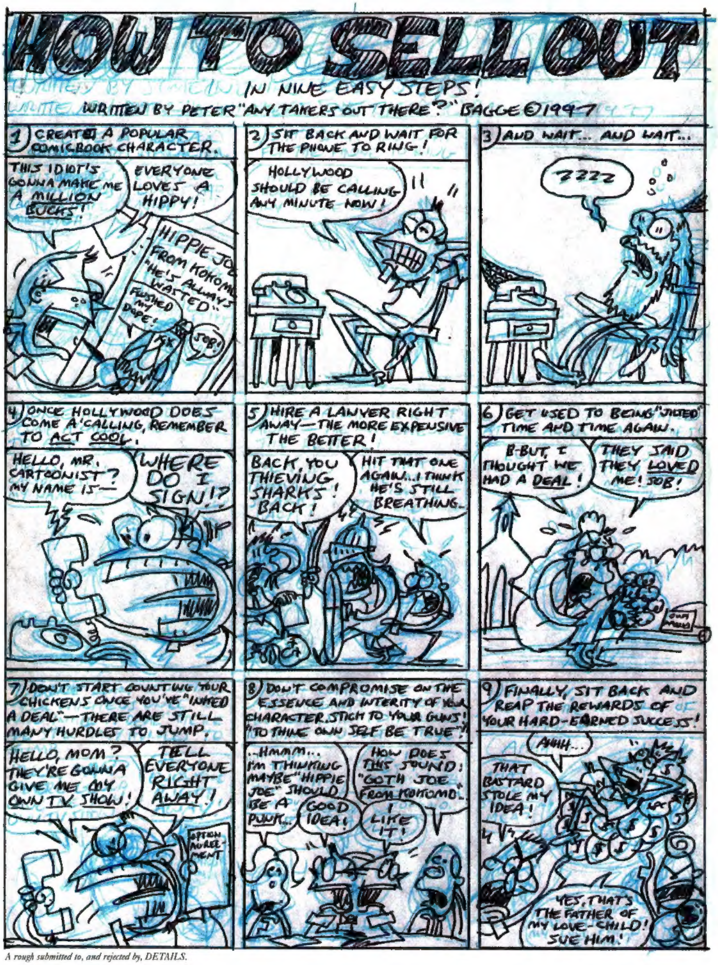


A rough submitted to, and rejected by, DETAILS.

An INTRODUCTION by Mary Burt

Dear comics enthusiast,

I do not wish to start a fight here, but I feel some things need to be discussed. Some lines need to be drawn. Some distinctions need to be made. Indulge me.

The first time I read an Underground comic, I was eighteen, on the first real date of my life, and a little bit drunk. As my date got stoned, I sat on the edge of his couch and tried not to say the wrong thing. Thus I said nothing. Thus my date had to get more stoned and I needed more liquor. He eventually passed out and I was stuck at his home in a hyperactive drunken state with nothing to do but peruse his endtable library. The serial killer books, which being of the smaller, mass-market size, were at the top of his reading pile. Too many words, though. Not enough pictures. I skipped down to the trade paperbacks just below them which were nothing but that sort of bohemian erotica that bohemian guys tell bohemian girls to read so they can finally broach the subject of getting to have sex together. Under the circumstances (Date passed out. Me inept.), the subject matter was too depressing to be construed as entertainment.

At the very bottom of the pile, though, were these flimsy books with brightly-colored covers and lots and lots of pictures. Perfect. I'd read one and check on my date. If he was still unconscious, I'd pick up another one. Twenty comic books later, my date came to and suggested that we get breakfast. Since I finally had something to talk to him about, I asked him more about his comic book collection.

Despite the new "connection," the date was still a failure, but I learned something of great value that night, something that has served me well in all my years since. I learned of the existence of *Hate* and *Eightball*. Now when I meet people, one of the first things I ask is if they read comics. If they say that they don't, I don't necessarily dismiss them, but eye them suspiciously and start a round of questioning to see if they're even capable of being *cool* enough to like comics. If so, I take them under my wings and show them the way to salvation via Fantagraphics. I summons up my best Robert Mitchum impersonation and show them my fists with the word "Hate" tattooed on one set of knuckles (in henna, of course. I'm not *that* dedicated.), and the word, "8bal" crudely misspelled on the other set. Then I tell them the story of *Hate* and *Eightball*.

"On the right hand," I begin, in my deepest, menacingest voice, "is the hand of righteousness and right on! This is the hand of Hate. On the left hand is the hand of the left out, the loners. This is the hand of Eightball. Both sides are equal, but entirely unalike."

I continue.

"As love needs hate to exist as a concept, so *Hate* and *Eightball* need each other. Without the so-called 'artistic validity' of *Eightball*, many people would not feel comfortable admitting that they like *Hate*. Without the rambunctious folly of *Hate*, readers wouldn't be able to maintain their low-class people-of-the-people cred. And so you should read both. And so you should know that whichever of the two you prefer indicates the very essence of your personality."

At this point my younglings look at me, eyes widened, fretfully wondering, "Which then to choose?" (And the ones that don't receive a firm tap on the head with my pointer, because this decision is so very important and they really should be paying attention.) Those who've read both already know the distinction about which I speak. And since they know, I judge them mercilessly for their selections. If they prefer *Eightball*, I think to myself, "OH! Can't handle a little *raunch* in your comics, eh?" Likewise, if they prefer *Hate*, I sneer to myself, "What? Is *Eightball* too ART-y for you? Can't handle a little depth?"

And indeed they cannot win. You may think my judgment rash. You may think I jump too quickly to conclusions or that I'm looking for an easy way to dismiss people, but I swear my assumptions are valid. Think about it. The continuing pattern for *Eightball* and its characters is that of observation, critique, and avoidance. There may be a few exceptions to this, but I'll ignore them for the sake of my pompous rant. *Hate* and its characters follow the pattern of critique, avoid, and then embrace. In *Hate*, the struggle against something makes it all the more attractive. While *Eightball* characters are so successful at self-preservation as to be self-defeating, *Hate* characters go far past the realm of carefree into the realm of self-destruction. *Eightball* characters let fear paralyze and restrict them while *Hate* characters ignore their fear and do it anyway.

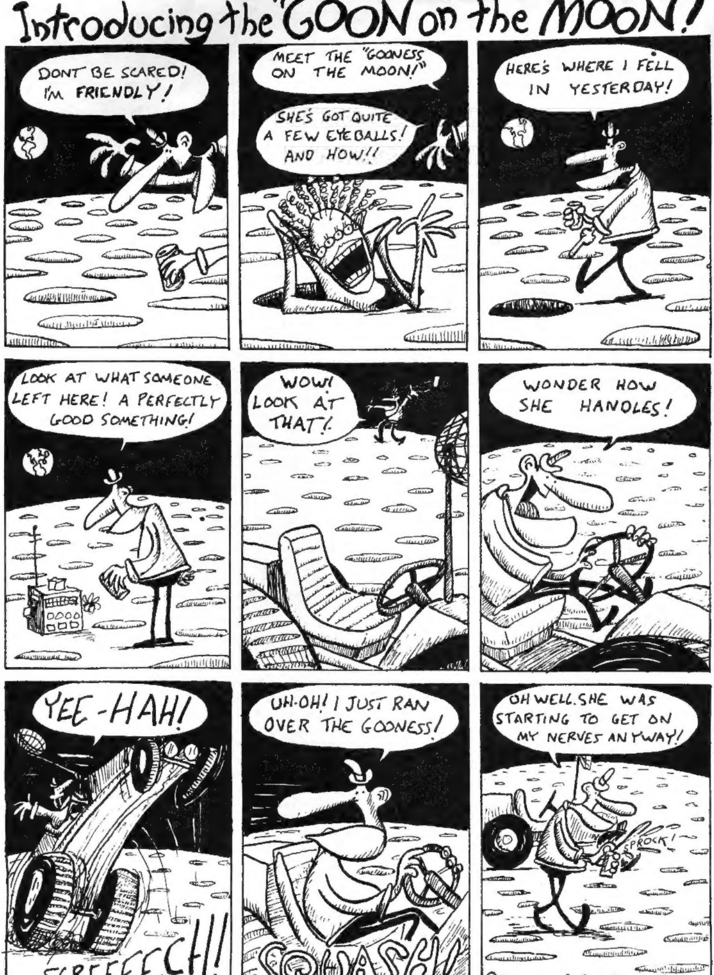
So, too, do the readers. When I meet an *Eightball* reader, I know to approach them tenderly and let the relationship appear to develop accidentally. When I meet a *Hate* reader, I know I've met a supreme challenge. Where the challenge in befriending an *Eightball* fanatic is simply not to scare them, the challenge in meeting a *Hate* fanatic is not to bore them. And that's a tricky accomplishment. You've gotta talk as much as they do, know as much as they do, and care as little as they do about using these talents to improve your lot in life. You've gotta keep up, but you've gotta make it look effortless. And if something seems like the wrong thing to do, you've gotta do it, because it's more interesting to fail than to succeed or to succeed at the wrong thing. When something's the right thing to do, you know the eventual outcome. If it's the wrong thing to do, though, you never know. The possible outcomes are limitless and exciting.

And maybe that's what Peter Bagge is doing right now. To us, the adoring fans, it seems wrong to end *Hate*. We're all a little sad, maybe even concerned about its passing. We should really be excited, though, because no one knows what the guy will do next. I doubt he even knows and that's probably why he's doing it. I've met the guy once and in my brief encounter with him, I learned that he's exactly like his fans and the worst crime in the world to him is to be boring and the worst plight in life is to be bored. I also learned that as much as he loves to entertain his fans, his primary goal is to entertain himself. That may sound like a selfish approach, but I applaud it. It's the only way to keep it real, as they say. It's the only way to keep your work from stagnating. It gives me hope that his future work will be even better, because I know that he won't waste his time (and consequently, *my* time) on something boring.

And so I celebrate the end of *Hate* and assure you that Mr. Bagge is just as driven as he's ever been to create something worth examining. I won't attempt to make a prediction as to how this urge will manifest itself in our culture. If I can imagine it, then it is far below Mr. Bagge's capabilities. In the meantime, though, let's share in the joy of *Hate's* former existence. Let's hug and dance and meaningfully invade eachother's personal space. Let's begin the Hate Jamboree!

Yee-haw,
Mary Burt
Los Angeles, California
Population: 3,495,398
S-a-a-a-alute!

Mary is the editor of a great zine called SAD. She can be reached at: Box 291853, L.A., CA, 90027. Order some SADs! They're great! —PB



The first Bagge strip ever published. EAST VILLAGE EYE, 1980.

HATE: A LOVE STORY by Peter Bagge

LIFE BEFORE SEATTLE

1977

So there I was, driving cross-country with my wife and cat in a U-Haul truck, moving to a part of the country I had only been in for a week a few months earlier, and away from another part of the country where I had lived all my life. The year was 1984, and I had no idea what I stood to gain by moving to Seattle, but I sure as heck knew that I had nothing to lose by moving away from New York!

I met my future wife Joanne in Art School back in 1977. We both grew up in the suburbs of New York City — me in Westchester County, she in "Lawng Giland" — and we were both super eager to get away from our dysfunctional, overcrowded parents' houses (anyone who's ever seen the movie *CRUMB* has a very good idea of what my own family was like, sad to say) and start a new life and identity for ourselves in Swinging Manhattan. It was pretty exciting time to be in New York as well, what with kids from the suburbs beginning to flood back into the city again (after our parents did all they could to move AWAY from the city, ironically), and the burgeoning Punk Rock or "New Wave" scene was serving as a creative focal point not just for music but for all types of self-expression — even *comics*! Rent was still dirt cheap in the late '70s, as long as you didn't mind living in a neighborhood like the Lower East Side, which back then was inhabited almost entirely by Hispanic immigrants as well as a few surviving speed freak holdovers from the '60s who were still stumbling about and walking into traffic.

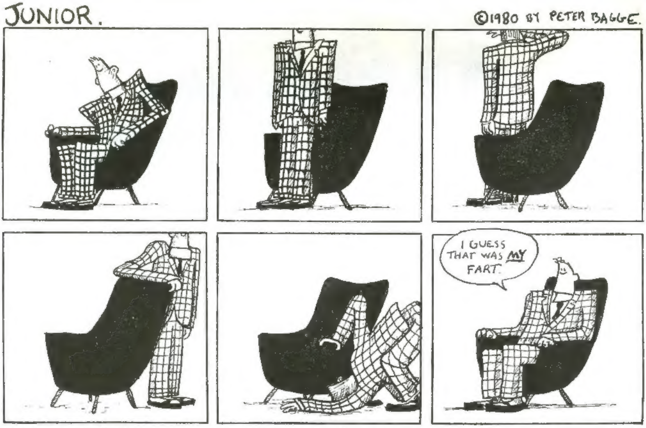
In fact, a pattern of rent avoidance which had been in practice by the Beat (as in "deadbeat") generation of the late '50s, in which you move into to one tenement dump, pay your measly $30-$100 dollar rent for a few months and then live there for *free* for the next six months, since that's how long it would legally take the landlord to have you evicted, was still being pulled off when I first moved there. This scam came to a screeching halt, however, once rents began to skyrocket, at which point staying put meant the landlord could only raise the rent in fixed semi-annual increments, while moving to a new place meant paying what the market demanded, which by 1980 was *a lot.* But for awhile this low overhead meant you were able to get by on just a part-time job, or *no* job, while you spent the rest of your time creating, experimenting, or just hanging out, thus creating a great incubator-type environment for a unique and exciting "counter-culture."

Something very similar to this happened in San Francisco in the mid-'60s, and I witnessed it happen all over again in Seattle in the late '80s and early '90s. Once these scenes draw a lot national and international attention to themselves, however, everyone wants to take part in it, and young people continue to flood into these cities until whatever was "special" about such scenes become swamped, exploited, and a caricature of its formal self. The soaring rents force people to become slaves to their jobs and/or "careers" — thus, no one can afford to goof off, so there's no more "hanging out," no more "scene." *Sniff!*

In spite of all this, I myself was never much of a hanger-outer myself. After a year of Art School I decided I definitely wanted to become a cartoonist, particularly of the "underground" kind, since I found the work of all the late '60s/ early-'70s underground comic artists incredibly inspiring. Yet I knew that becoming a professional cartoonist of any kind also meant buckling down and working my ass off, since I spent way too much of my teenage years just "hanging out," and not nearly enough time developing my drawing skills, so I had a lot of catching up to do! (Unlike most of my cartooning peers — including my own brother, who was more of a social outcast and spent a lot of his adolescent years alone in his room drawing — I was a bit of a social butterfly who went out every night, and even had girlfriends! I still debate in my mind whether I was better or worse off for this in the long run).

My pattern over the next five years was to work at an undemanding job (I finally settled at a Barnes and Noble

Me with (L to R): Daughter Hannah on Halloween, 1994; Pops Bagge & brothers Tony and Doug, 1989; Wife Joanne, outside her deli. in Redmond, WA, 1985; R. Crumb, Aline Kominsky-Crumb, J. Woodring, G. Groth, J. Hernandez, D. Clowes, G. Hernandez, Seattle in the early 1990s.



Top: Junior. From HIGH TIMES, 1981.
Bottom Left: From the cover of THE SEATTLE TIMES' "PACIFIC MAGAZINE," 1994.

outlet located in Penn Station, after going through a series of horrible and demeaning part-time jobs), go home, draw, and look — usually in vain — for paying work for my comics and illos. As a result I didn't do a whole lot of "clubbing" — which was just as well, since I never cared for live music anyway, not to mention getting pushed and shoved and not being able to converse over the noise while I inhaled other people's cigarette smoke.

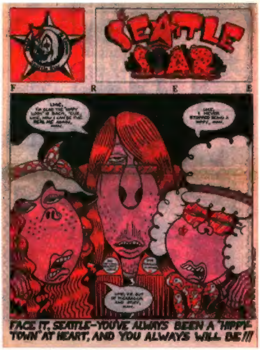
By 1982 Joanne and I relocated across the river in Hoboken, in search of more space, quieter streets and even cheaper rents. (That didn't last long either — Hoboken took off like a rocket right after we moved there!) By then my wife was nice enough to allow me to quit my day job and concentrate full-time on drawing. This plan didn't pan out well for me economically at first, although my work did improve dramatically during this time. And it was also at this time that I became the managing editor of Robert Crumb's *WEIRDO* Magazine — which also made me next to no money, although it did turn out to be an invaluable experience for me.

Meanwhile, the spiraling cost of living in the New York metropolitan area made my wife and I despair of ever having the things that all young couples dream about: A house, a kid, a white picket fence — *that* whole deal. Not wanting to live in the boonies, however, we began to scout out other east coast cities, with relocation most definitely on our minds. Finally we visited Joanne's sister who had been living in Seattle for a while, and who loved it there. We loved it, too, and we were sold immediately. Everything about this town suits me to a "T": the geography, the climate, etc. It's still my favorite city in the whole wide world (what I've seen of the whole wide world, anyway).

SEATTLE BEFORE HATE 1984

So there we were, in Seattle at last, only we *weren't* in Seattle — we were in Woodinville, a quiet-yet-rapidly-growing-suburb of. You see, the plan was that we were going to live with my sister-in-law and her husband until she and my wife could get their deli-restaurant up and running, and seeing how they had no idea where the deli would be or when it would open, it only made sense that we stay with the in-laws for the time being.

The novelty of living in the suburbs once again wore off pretty damn quick, and the fact that we had no money and no car left my wife and I feeling very alienated and adrift. I had a few connections in the city itself — friends of friends who were into underground comics, more or less — and I tried to make it into the city as much as possible to establish contact with them. But my being stranded in the 'burbs, coupled with the fact that Northwesterners are not particularly warm and embracing towards newcomers in general, left me feeling like an outsider for quite a long time. As a result, we wound up socializing with friends of my in-laws, who were all nice



Top Left: From a one-page strip in SCREW, 1985. (The rest of this strip is too vile to reprint!!)
Top Right: The "SEATTLE STAR" was Michael Dowers's all-comics city-wide free monthly paper. It lasted 2-3 years, I think.
Bottom Left: Front cover for THE ROCKET magazine featuring Bagge, Michael Dougan & Mark Zingarelli, 1986.
Bottom Right: This issue of THE ROCKET coincided with the "MISFIT LIT" show at Seattle's COCA Gallery, 1991.

enough, for the most part, but not only were they all mostly Republican-voting suburbanites, many of them were *professional athletes* (my sister-in-law's husband, Mike Tice, played for the local NFL franchise, the Seattle Seahawks). So you can imagine what these people made of the likes of me, such as when my Bro'-in-law showed samples of "Martini Baton" to the Seahawks' star quarterback, who could only shake his head and mutter "Why?" as he read it, or when this 300 pound lineman — a big, scary, coke-addled black guy who grew up in Detroit's worst ghetto and was close friends with O. J. Simpson — asked me when the fuck I was gonna get a "real job." Grrrrr... I shoulda decked him!

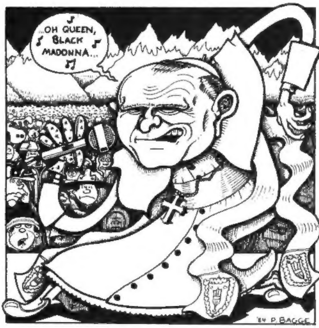
So yeah, to say we felt alienated would be putting it mildly. I mean, here I was assembling R. Crumb's *WEIRDO* Magazine in a professional football player's basement. Think about it! In fact, all the "Chet and Bunny Leeway" stories from *NEAT STUFF* were inspired from this period, and are about nothing *but* suburban alienation. To be fair, however, we did meet a lot of nice people out there in the 'burbs, who actually were far more civil and open-minded than their urban counterparts. The fact that I never go to church, or that I was not an admirer of Ronald Reagan, nor the fact I occasionally drew the *most vile pornography imaginable* for *SCREW* Magazine didn't seem to bother these kind people at all, while the fact that I also wasn't a Ted Kennedy-type bleeding-heart socialist-liberal would inspire shock and outrage in my city friends, who would openly suggest that there was something seriously wrong with me for not voting a straight Democratic ticket. To them Ronald Reagan was another *Hitler*, the Devil Incarnate. (Seattle was a *frighteningly* politically-correct town back then, a subject I'll get back to later).

These suburban folk would sometimes surprise me as well, such as when I came across an autographed *nude* photo of Iggy Pop in the home of another football player. When I asked about it, his wife told me that she's known "Jimmy" ever since she was a little kid — when he was her camp counselor — and they've kept in touch off and on ever since. This story inspired me to create Stinky, who first appeared as Girly-Girl's camp counselor in *NEAT STUFF* # 13.

Meanwhile, paying work was as hard to come by for me as ever, and there sure wasn't much to be found in a non-publishing town like Seattle. I did work off and on for the local paper the *ROCKET*, mainly as a way to meet presumably like-minded people, although aside from the *ROCKET*'s editors at the time, Bob Newman and Denny Eichhorn, most people were very wary of me. They didn't know what to make of my work — openly despised it, in some cases — and tried to keep me at arm's length. Being the proud young editor of *WEIRDO*

They didn't know what to make of my work — openly despised it, in some cases — and tried to keep me at arm's length.

magazine didn't help much either, since Robert Crumb was held in as much regard as Ronald Reagan at this time, ironically. (I say ironically because Crumb also considered the Republicans to be Satan's Minions.) His work was more than simply "icky." He was The Enemy: an unabashed advocate of Violence Against Women, don'tcha know! And who the heck was I, his little Ralph Reed, Mr. Clean-cut Smiley-face who came to Seattle to spread his Hate Literature for him? Plus all this other Big Daddy Roth-inspired stuff that we were running in *WEIRDO* at the time was not considered cool at all back then — it was just plain old retarded (as opposed to being cool and retarded).



There was this pretty nice art book store right in the heart of the "hip" part of town that used to sell many copies of *RAW* and its ilk.... You know: "arty"-type comic books. As a result I used to hound the two women who ran it to death, bugging them to sell *WEIRDO* (and later *NEAT STUFF*) as well, naively pretending that there was no distinction between the two. Eventually they caved in, and began to sell more copies of *WEIRDO* than any of the comic shops in town, as I knew they would. Suddenly Crumb's drawings of women's big butts weren't as unacceptable as they used to be, and soon they were carrying every alternative comic book available at the time (there wasn't nearly as many back then as there is now), and did quite well with all of them.

One funny anecdote is that these two women proprietors were particularly enthusiastic about *LOVE & ROCKETS*, not only because it was well drawn and sold well, but also because they assumed it was created by two Mexican-American sisters! I could see their enthusiasm literally pour out of their bodies when I informed them that, regrettably, the creators of that fine comic have penises. Suddenly the content of that comic shifted in their minds from a powerful, positive portrayal of women by women to the self-indulgent masturbation material of a couple of creepy guys that it is. Oh, the irony!

Here's an even better story: Years later this store was bought out by another younger woman who went back to the old rules, i.e., *no* Crumb (she was fresh out of some expensive liberal arts college and thus had a head full of pie-in-the-sky nonsense that reality had yet to knock out of her yet). One day while Crumb was in town we were walking past the place,

Above: "Buddy & Stinky Get Involved" from WAR NEWS, 1991.
Left: Illo from THE ROCKET, circa 1980. Accompanied a review of an LP by Pope John Paul II; "Oh Queen, Black Madonna" was one of the cuts from it.
Below: A panel from "Sour Grapes," starring myself & fellow cartoonist Ken Weiner. From WEIRDO #12 — never reprinted since.

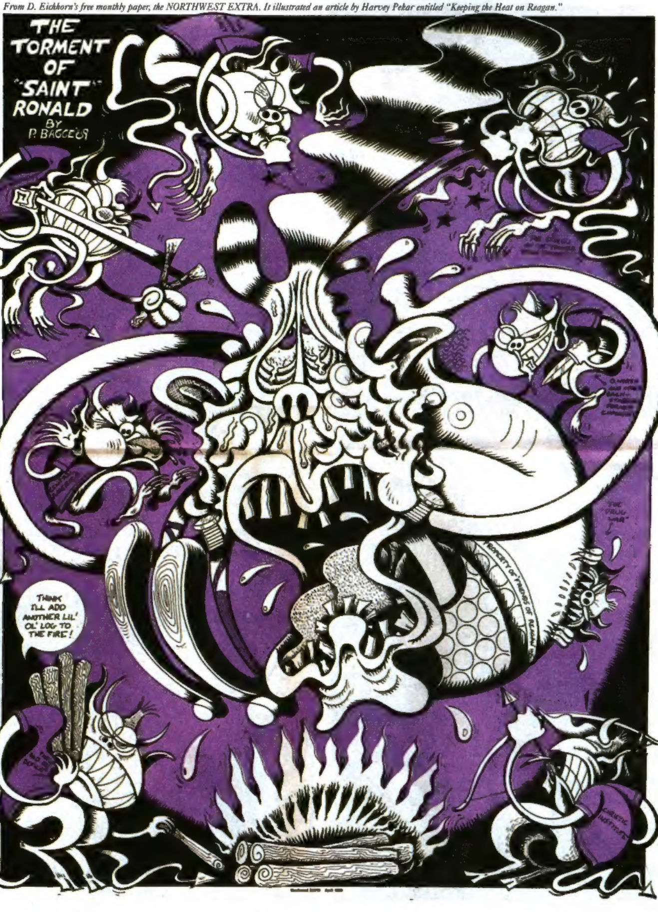
and I told him about how the place had gone back to the "old ways," and how his gross drawings weren't allowed inside anymore (although mine still were, for whatever arbitrary reason). Crumb insisted on going inside anyway, "Just to look around." Once inside, and without introducing himself, he began to needle the young proprietress mercilessly by picking up thick, pompous volumes on art theory and "Feminist Theory Applied to the Arts," asking her if she's read it and, "Is it any good? How does it sell?" She claimed to have read some of it, but of course they didn't sell at all. As she stood there turning bright red Crumb kept bombarding her with questions: "Why don't you sell some Sierra Club Calendars? Those things sell! Don't you wanna stay in business? You don't have anything against mountains, do you?"

Six months later she did go out of business. Ha ha! (Actually she was a nice lady, and the fact that it was her store meant that she could sell or *not* sell whatever she wanted, of course. So I guess the real point of this story is that we were just a couple of stinkers!)

STARTING HATE 1986

Before relocating to the West Coast I met with Gary Groth and Kim Thompson of Fantagraphics Books, who had expressed interest in publishing my comics, but then they moved to the west coast (they spent five years in Southern California before settling here in Seattle themselves) and a certain amount of time went by before we were talking again. Gary was willing to give me a shot at a solo comic book, as long as I could produce at least three issues a year. Seeing how I was getting next to no paying work at the time, this seemed eminently do-able, and thus *NEAT STUFF* was born. Of course, this turned out to be much more work than I had realized, and between cranking out both *NEAT STUFF* and *WEIRDO* I was virtually chained to my drawing desk for the next two years. Eventually something had to give, so I regrettably had to resign from *WEIRDO*, since I figured that title could easily continue without me — which it did — while *NEAT STUFF* couldn't.

From D. Eichhorn's free monthly paper, the NORTHWEST EXTRA. It illustrated an article by Harvey Pekar entitled "Keeping the Heat on Reagan."



From the cover of a small Seattle paper, THE OUTLOOK

By 1986 we were living in Seattle proper, with my wife commuting back to her deli in the suburbs everyday. (It was her idea, not mine! I would have gladly stayed in our modern little apartment in Redmond — a town that has since been almost completely consumed by Microsoft — which was right across the street from her business, although I was thrilled when she suggested we move to the city instead). Fortunately for me, her business was going well, and she was earning a decent living off of it — decent enough to actually purchase a modest little home of our own, amazingly enough.

Meanwhile, I continued to struggle away on my comics. In fact, I was becoming *very* discouraged, since while *NEAT STUFF* was a relative "success" in the world of alternative comics, and was beginning to generate a lot of good reviews and overall positive feedback, I still was barely making a livable income off of my work. The only conclusion I could draw from all this was that making a living off of this type of comic book was flat-out impossible. In fact, I couldn't think of a single "peer" who was making a decent living off of his or her comics alone. Faced with this grim reality, I would have definitely given up comics back then, if there was only some other way I could have earned a decent living, but unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately?) I was — and still am — completely unskilled at any other kind of work, so I remained a "professional cartoonist" completely by default. Sad but true, folks!

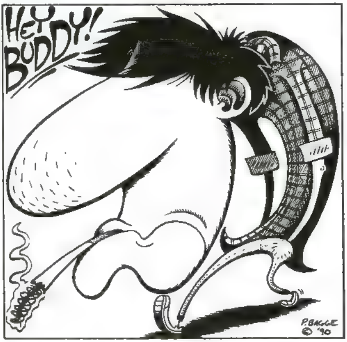
By 1990 I had retired *NEAT STUFF*. I wanted to do something in a more traditional comic book format: a title that revolved around one main character, but that had the look and feel of a late-'60s style underground comic. During the course of *NEAT STUFF* I became increasingly interested in the stories revolving around The Bradley Family, who were based in large part by my own family, and of Buddy Bradley in particular. Buddy was by far the most autobiographical character I'd ever come up with, and as he progressively "aged" through the course of *NEAT STUFF*, I saw greater and greater potential in him as a source of story ideas. As a result, settling on him as the main character of my next title was an easy decision to make.

At this point my life had changed as well: My wife was pregnant, and I suddenly was a 30+ year old homeowner and soon-to-be father as well. This change in perspective enabled me to look at the previous 13 years of my life more objectively, and as a result not only did all the trials and tribulations of my 20-something years suddenly seem incredibly amusing to me, but they also became a great wealth of story ideas as well. Thus, with my thinking cap firmly in place, I thought: "What if I aged Buddy a few years more, and have him move away from his family and out to the west coast just like I did?" Duh. I did consider leaving him in New Jersey, but I was eager to use my new chosen home town for a setting, if only so I could just look out my window for reference while drawing the backgrounds. Plus the city of New York — And even Hoboken, for that matter — seemed too "site specific," whereas Seattle was more of an Anytown, USA-type of a place, and thus more people would relate to it. Of course, this was before Seattle became Grunge-ville, USA, which kinda threw a monkey wrench into that whole concept, but it held true for a year or two, at least.

Meanwhile, a baby daughter was on its way. Oy — now there was a scary thought! And while things were slowly picking up for me, career-wise, my wife was still making a lot more dough than I was, which meant we couldn't afford for her to quit her job, which meant that I would be the primary daytime "caregiver" for the little darling once she arrived. Whoopee! I

It's as negative a title as you could come up with — one with Neo-Nazi connotations, even.

Below: HATE art was frequently "appropriated" for band posters and other "causes" during the mid-'90s. I would LOVE to know what this thing says. Any translators out there?



was more than resigned to this fate, however, since as I said before I was convinced that I'd never make a decent living off of my silly drawings, so what the hell! Might as well be "Mr. Mom" and learn to enjoy it!

THE STRANGER cover, 1994 Fallout Records has long been one of the worlds best alternative comics retailers

Well, I tried my best. And while I loved my little daughter to pieces she was a hardly an easy baby to care for — she was what you'd call a "screamer" (that's what the neighbors called her, anyway), and she was about four years-old by the time we were able to get her on anything that even resembled a sleeping schedule. So every day Joanne would come home from her long commute completely exhausted, only to find the house in a shambles, with both me and the kitchen walls covered in baby food (I still can't get that kid to eat unless her mother's around), while our little toddler would laugh maniacally while torturing the cat — with all three of us operating on less than eight hours of sleep for the entire week! I would hand the booger-encrusted child to my wife as soon as I saw her and go, "Here!," and then beat a hasty retreat to my studio to work on my comic. Drawing seemed like a luxury vacation back then, compared to chasing after a toddler all day. Maybe that's why I was able to crank out my comics in such a timely fashion back then, too, considering I was only working on them part-time. Because working was the funnest part of my day!

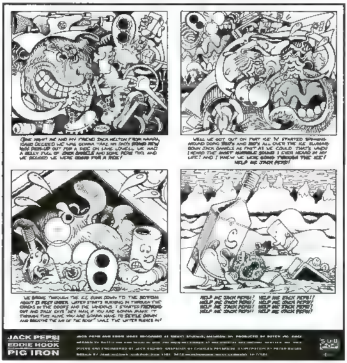
My publishers didn't seem to comprehend why I wanted to change titles, or why I was so enthusiastic about this new title I was starting. But then they never exhibit any enthusiasm for anything I come up with — Their attitude is and always has been like: "We don't know what you're talking about, Pete. When will it be done so we can print it?" It's actually a good thing, in a way, since they give me almost total freedom to "do my own thing," and offer guidance and advice only when I ask for it, God love 'em. And they were true to form when I came up with the name *"HATE"* for the comic — Actually, I wanted to call it *"LOVE & HATE,"* but the fact that they were already publishing a title called *LOVE & ROCKETS* raised certain practical and logistical problems, so as a joke I believe it was Kim Thompson who first suggested that I simply call it *"HATE."* We all went, "Ha ha, that's a good one," and then I went home to try to come up with something better.

The only problem was that I couldn't come up with something better, and in fact the more I thought about just calling it *HATE* the more I liked it! It's short, it's snappy, it's easy to remember... And yes, it's as negative a title as you could come up with — one with Neo-Nazi connotations, even, since the jargon of the mainstream press was increasingly suggesting that only people on the radical far-right are capable of hating

anything, as if the rest of us are completely free of harboring a hateful feeling or emotion. I even remember hearing a talk show in which some mealy-mouthed, new-age "spiritual leader" was saying how the decade of the '90s was going to be a decade of "Understanding and Love," compared to the '80s, which were characterized by divisiveness and greed, etc., etc., and how this will all lead to a coming together of all peoples and ideas so that we could enter the new millennium as one and blah, blah, blah... Of course, this concept of "peace and love" — i.e., that everyone has to *agree* on *everything*, and that we all have to agree with whatever this cornball talking on the radio believed in — was the most frighteningly *fascistic* concept I'd ever heard of (this guy would eventually became a "spiritual advisor" for the Clintons), so I decided right then and there that I *had* to call my comic *"HATE,"* if only to help insure that the '90s *wouldn't* go down in history as some mushy, brain-dead "love decade."

You're welcome!

Surfin' grungemania... Above: original flyer by Bagge
Below Left: The back cover to a TAD 12", 1989 (Sub Pop)
Below Right: The back cover for the TAD LP/CD "Jack Pepsi," 1991 (Sub Pop).



GRUNGEMANIA! 1991

At some point in 1991 I came up with the brilliant and original idea of having Buddy Bradley and his pal Stinky manage a rock and roll combo. Now, while I was familiar with a few local rock acts, thanks mainly to Bruce Pavitt of Sub Pop and a few other local record labels who were kind enough to share their products with me, I had yet to witness any live rock music in all the years I had been in living in Seattle thus far, simply because — and as I had mentioned earlier — I don't care for rock clubs or live music. But wanting to keep my comic book reasonably accurate and up to date, I asked some acquaintances to take me to see some of the more "cartoony-er" rock bands they might be familiar with, both on stage and "at home."

As a result, Pavitt took me to see a double-billing of two of his label's acts: The Dwarves and The Supersuckers, both of whom put on very depraved and entertaining shows in a Stooges/Dolls/Ramones-like tradition. Likewise, my friends (and at that time Fantagraphics employees) Pat Moriarity and Helena Harvilicz took me to a ramshackle home mere blocks from my own to watch and hang out with the aptly named musical conglomeration "Sick & Wrong," who could best be described as a reincarnation of The Plasmatics — only with *two* Wendy O. Williamses fronting the band instead of one.

This minimal amount of "research" was all I needed to know, since it basically confirmed what I could gather from the recent records and fanzines I had been receiving was telling me, and that is that there was nothing new under the sun, at least as far as what young white urban hipsters were listening to. What's more is that the way everyone was dressing seemed to even predate the punk-inspired music they were playing, since it reminded me of what me and my friends wore in high school simply to keep warm at night as we stood in the middle of the woods in January drinking cheap beer and smoking bad pot: Flannel shirts, thermal underwear and surplus army boots. I was even tempted, via Buddy, to point out the recycled aspect of both the current style of dress as well as the music, but I restrained myself, not wanting to come off as the been-there, done-that know-it-all that I am. So the end result was the story that wound up taking up both *HATE* #8 and 9, which are probably the two most widely read issues to this day.

Now, prior to this *HATE* had been doing pretty well. In fact, each issue was selling better than the one before it — well enough that my wife was able to sell her business (which by then she was quite eager to do) and become a "stay-at-home-mom," which she has been ever since. So I was quite surprised and thrilled to suddenly be doing something I never thought I'd be able to do, which is to support not only myself but my entire family off of my infantile scrawlings. Other events were conspiring to my benefit as well, such as the hiring of Larry Reid as the promotional director of Fantagraphics.

I also instinctively knew that in the long run I might forever be known as "The Grunge cartoonist"

Larry was and still is a something of a "legend" here in Seattle — the guy has the instincts of a P.T. Barnum, and really knows how to stir up a flurry of excitement and hype once he commits to something and believes in it enough. The guy also had a strong tendency to burn out and/or self-destruct, and at the time was a raging alcoholic, but this only contributed to his charm, and was all part of his overall shtick. Both me and *EIGHTBALL* creator Dan Clowes did particular-

Top Left: GOLDMINE cover colored by R. Altergott, inked by E. Reynolds.
Bottom Right: A T-shirt design for a cause trying to reclaim control of a local college station.

ly well by Larry, in that he generated a ton of press on our behalf and helped make us seem way more popular and "famous" — at least in indie-alternative-counterculture circles — than the actual sales of our comics would suggest. Go, Larry!

Another hype-mei ster who was working overtime back in the late-'80s and early-'90s was the afore-mentioned Bruce Pavitt, who along with his partner Jon Poneman was helping to formulate this vague new "scene" and "sound" that would eventually be called "grunge" into an international phenomena. Of course, it helped to have some bona fide talent to sell to the masses, particularly in the case of the band Nirvana, but it still was quite a sight to behold to witness Bruce and Jon up close pulling as many strings as they could get their hands on, and spinning their line of palaver to the many journalists who where soon to be streaming into Seattle in droves, looking for stories to tack on to the *big story*, which was the emergence of the Pacific Northwest as the new hotbed for youth culture, as New York, San Francisco, London, etc., had been before it.

One of the "side bars" that journalists would pitch to their editors in order to further justify their junkets out to The Northwest was yours truly, as well as Seattle's soon to be thriving alternative comics "scene" in general. Pavitt would literally take some of these foreign scribes right to my front doorstep — and in the early days many of these journalists were flown here on Sub Pop's own dime, for which I'm ever grateful to them, while at the same time realizing that my presence helped them sell to the world their notion that Seattle was a place where all kinds of things were a-happening. It was all somewhat cynical, of course, but at the same time quite heartfelt, since Pavitt — as with Larry Reid — were first and foremost enthusiastic fans of pop culture, and simply got off on being able to play a part in creating it.

As for me, I was more than willing to play a part in this media circus, since it all meant higher sales and higher rates for my services as an illustrator, at least in the short run. I also instinctively knew that in the long run I might forever be known as "The Grunge cartoonist," but I was willing to take

"A Man With A Vision." From SPIN's 10th Anniversary issue, 1995

This Page: Top Left: Perhaps grunge's last gasp — Design for "GRUNGE PENCILS." Bottom. Peter Bagge display for Spanish publisher LA CUPULA'S booth at a Barcelona, Spain comic con, 1997. They love me ovah theah!
Facing Page, Top: Images from THE GIRLY-GIRL SHOW, developed by Klasky-Csupo in 1995-'96. Some of the scripts were written by cartoonist Mimi Pond
Facing Page, Bottom. Storyboard drawings by director Steve Loder for a HATE cartoon that was made to accompany the documentary "HYPE!" It wound up being dropped from the film just prior to distribution

that risk, since it would be better to be known by that inaccurate moniker than to not be known at all. And I still feel that way! I'm a strong believer in the "any publicity is good publicity" school of thought, at least as far as being an artist is concerned. Unlike politicians or even professional athletes, we're not generally perceived as "role-models," and thus are not expected to uphold any particular moral standards. As a result, any hook or angle that'll get your name in the papers — short of being convicted of a felony — is a plus, in my opinion.

The worst "crime" that an artist could be charged with is being labeled a "sell-out," although this accusation is made all to readily by the artist's earliest fans or followers, who feel dismayed to see their favorite musician or cartoonist's fan base increasing, and thus see their special status as "one of the few" diminishing. They think "Hey, how can I use *HATE* as an example of my unique cultural identity and intellectual superiority when that dunderhead over there is buying copies of it now as well?" Since *HATE* can no longer serve as a tool to buttress their own ego they now condemn it for that same purpose. But how can such a person then justify ever liking it in the first place? Simple: Because it *used* to be good, but now it sucks! "The creator sold out, ma-an!" Sigh... Poor babies.. It can't be easy being an insecure poseur..

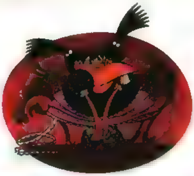
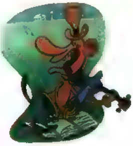
THE "FALLOUT" — AND "HOLLYWOOD" COMES A' CALLING! 1993

There's nothing that the average person hates more than to listen to someone bellyache about the trials and tribulations of being "famous," but I'm gonna do it anyway. So break out your life jackets while I *cry you a river*!

In the middle of 1993 I went on a short but heavily publicized book signing tour with Dan Clowes that was dubbed the "HATE-BALL Tour" (clever!). I'll always be grateful that I had Clowes along for company on that tour, or else I probably would have been convinced that the whole world had gone crazy — or worse, that I had lost my mind. I mean, here we were, two average, unassuming shmoes who spent all of our lives perceived both by ourselves and everyone else as little more than two average, unassuming shmoes. We also had spent much of the previous 10 years not getting out and about much, just plugging away in our basement studios hoping desperately that we'll be able to at least make a living off of this nonsense we were creating. Yet now here we found ourselves walking into rooms with everybody turning to face *us*, with their hands extended and their pupils dilated. At first I'd be thinking "Wow, this is *great*! Everybody wants to be my friend!," but by the end of the evening the same guy that at first couldn't wait to buy me a beer is now telling me I'm an "*overrated hack* — and hey! Stop checking out my girlfriend!!!"

Every night we'd go back to our hotel room, look at each other and start cracking up. We'd be like. "What the heck was THAT all about?" It was like the whole world had been turned upside-down.

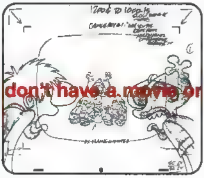
And things continued to be topsy-turvy for me once I got

home, and for quite a while afterwards as well. By this time producer-types from Hollywood were calling on a regular basis inquiring into the rights not only of Buddy Bradley but other characters of mine as well. Now this was something that I *never* thought would happen, although the success of shows like *THE SIMPSONS* and *BEAVIS & BUTT-HEAD* made adult-oriented animated material commercially viable, and I must admit that the idea of my own animated TV show was and still is very appealing to me.

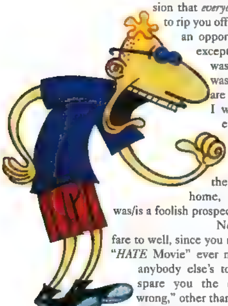
The thing is, though, that no one was interested in putting Buddy on the air in animated form. What most of these producers had in mind was a so-called "independent" feature film, which is something I could never envision and still can't. There was a real urgency to all of these phone calls, too, since everyone seemed to want to capitalize on this whole "Seattle/Grunge" thing before the fad blows over. And not wanting to miss the boat myself, I tried to get something going with the people who seemed the most interested and determined to make a "*HATE* Movie."

Still, the terminology and jargon of these film people totally confused me (and still does), so I called the only Hollywood



So now you know why I don't have a movie or a TV show. I'm a pussy.

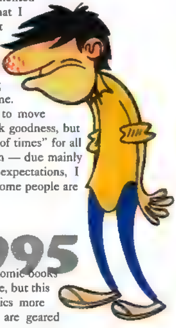
"player" I knew, Matt Groening, for advice. He immediately hooked me up with his lawyer, Susan Grode, and urged me to hide behind her and never make a decision without consulting with her first. Sage advice, since every time I *did* try to act on my own and save a few bucks in legal bills I would wind up deeply regretting it. Years earlier Gary Panter told me that his experience with "The Pee-Wee Herman Show" left him with the conclusion that *everyone* in Hollywood will try to rip you off *every single time* they have an opportunity to do so, without exception. I thought for sure he was exaggerating, but *man*, was he right! These people are *ruthless, greedy sharks*! But I was naive and egotistical enough to think I could swim with them, so I tried my best to "Go Hollywood," albeit from the comfort of my Seattle home, which in and of itself was/is a foolish prospect.



Needless to say I didn't fare to well, since you may have noticed that no "*HATE* Movie" ever made it to your town, or anybody else's town for that matter. I'll spare you the details of "what went wrong," other than to say that it would be a funny story if it wasn't so goddamn common. What's worse is that it's all my fault, since I never was willing to move to L.A. and take the bull by the horns, so to speak. I was hoping that I could still putz around my house and draw my funny books while other people would do whatever it took to get my showbiz career off the ground. I mean, let's face facts: The TV and movie biz is an *insanely* competitive one, since the stakes involved are *enormous*. There are people down there who would kill their own mother for a shot at the "big time," and here the only sacrifices I was willing to make were a few phone calls and some lawyer's bills. So now you know why I don't have a movie or a TV show. I'm a pussy.

Meanwhile, the world of "Alternative Comics," and comics in general, are hotter than ever, and the city of Seattle was suddenly *crawling* with eager young cartoonists of the alternative variety, most of whom moved here mainly for the same reason that I did: It's a nice city for young artists to live and work in. But many also had hopes of pulling off what I just had as well; namely, making a living and a name for myself while doing "my own thing" in the context of a comic book. Hey, who could blame 'em, right? Too bad comic book sales where about as high as they were ever gonna be by 1992-'93, and that it's been all down hill for this friggin' industry since then. And while many of these cartoonists became quite accomplished artists and illustrators in the long run, none of them ever really made a living off of their comic titles alone, which seems to be the rarest of tricks to pull off.

Another problem was that I was never considered one of the most skilled or talented cartoonists around, so the fact that I was doing as well as I was didn't seem to sit well with some people. Lots of resentment was directed in my direction, and some long time friends were acting like anything but around this time. The worst offenders all seemed to move away one by one eventually, thank goodness, but what should have been "the best of times" for all concerned was actually rather grim — due mainly to unfulfilled and/or unrealistic expectations, I suppose... That and the fact that some people are just plain old assholes.



THE "NEW" HATE! 1995

Nearly all of my all-time favorite comic books have been printed in black & white, but this has been due mainly to economics more than anything else. Comics that are geared

toward an adult audience simply don't sell as well as traditional "kiddie" or superhero comics. But as the sales of *HATE* continued to remain relatively high, it became economically feasible for me to pull off something that I had always wanted to do, which was to put out a regular comic book in full-color.

...I WANTED to change the nature of the art to some degree... I wanted to tone down the look of the Buddy Bradley stories, to give them a more casual, leisurely feel.

After doing some "number crunching" with my publisher, we settled on a new format and cover price that hopefully would be enough to cover the increased printing costs. Another additional "cost" was paying for an inker for me to work with, in this case being illustrator and former Fantagraphics art director Jim Blanchard. The reasons I decided to go with an inker — which is not frequently done or even considered aesthetically acceptable in the "auteur" world of alternative comics — was threefold: one, because Jim's tighter, cleaner inking style would be better suited to "trap" the computerized coloring technique we'd be using; two, because I was hoping to get the comic out more often, and it's always been the drawing/rendering part of creating a comic where I'd get bogged down, as opposed to the writing; and three, because I hate to ink.

I knew that working with an inker would also change the feel and nature of my comics to some degree, which was a big

Bottom: Unused cover (front and back) for WFMU's LCD MAGAZINE, 1997. Top. Illustration from photographer Charles Peterson's book SCREAMING LIFE.

concern of mine at the beginning. But the thing is I *wanted* to change the nature of the art to some degree, in that even though I knew that the manic energy of my drawing style was more or less my "calling card," stylistically, I wanted to tone down the look of the Buddy Bradley stories, to give them a more casual, leisurely feel. The ironic result of this was that I was able to pack a lot more "story" into each issue of *HATE*, since Blanchard's clean linework allowed me to pack a lot more detail into each page.

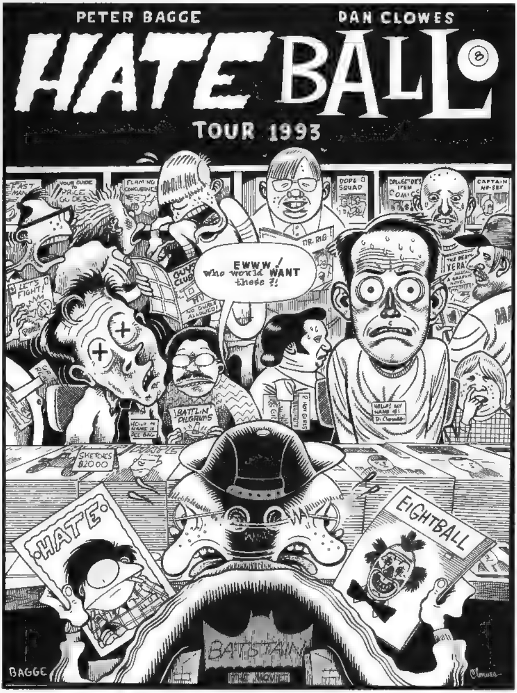
By the end of the evening the same guy that at first couldn't wait to buy me a beer is now telling me I'm an "OVERRATED HACK — and hey! Stop checking out my girlfriend!!!"

I also had some long term plans of featuring other artist's work within the pages of *HATE*; maybe even having it evolve into a *WEIRDO*-like anthology at some point, but I held off on this at first since the simple change to color alone seemed to be jarring enough for many of *HATE*'s readers. Another problem was a sudden sharp rise in printing costs, which would have forced Fantagraphics to raise *HATE*'s cover price considerably had I not come up with a different-yet-even more controversial solution, which was to run paid advertising in the pages of *HATE*. Even I was apprehensive about this at first, since I was worried that advertising would ruin the whole mood of the book, but I actually wound up liking the end results even more. The combination of the color and ads makes the whole package look on the surface like a traditional old-fashioned color comic book, only the content was the same as ever. Also, and much to my relief, not a single advertiser ever complained or made suggestions regarding *HATE*'s content. This was the main reason that *MAD* magazine, as well as the first underground comics, didn't feature advertising, but times had changed considerably since then, apparently!

The additional ad revenue also made it possible to increase the page count and pay others to contribute to the book. I was very eager to run work by cartoonists and writers whose work I was familiar with from the world of "zines" and mini-comics, and who I felt were deserving of a wider audience.

This new aspect of *HATE* was a big reason for me *not* wanting to end the title, and why I'll probably start up a new anthology title eventually. There's a certain satirical, wise-ass, iconoclastic style of humor that I'm very drawn to, and that lends itself particularly well to comic books. Yet it's also something that I rarely see these days — or at least done well — that I would very much like to revive and foist onto the public. So watch out!

I also spent some time recently working at MTV's animation studio in New York, which I must confess I enjoyed a *lot*. They wound up deciding not to produce it, which I didn't enjoy, but it certainly left me with a taste for television animation. So if anyone wants to give me my own TV show feel free to contact me via Fantagraphics, whose phone # is 206-524-1967. You can also email me at: BaggeHate1@aol.com. While I'm waiting for Ted Turner or Rupert Murdock to give me a call, I'll be sitting around doing what I've always done for the last 20-odd years, which is drawing stupid comics. Later!

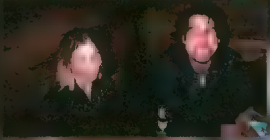


Pete and Dan go on the 1993 "HATEBALL" tour.
Top: Pete draws Dan, and Dan draws Pete.
Below: The tour poster

PETER BAGGE IS A BIG FUCKING LIAR!

The Jim Blanchard Interview

Jim B. [illegible] Photo by [illegible] Blanchard.



[illegible] & Clay W[illegible]

Jim B. with too much alcohol, moments before [illegible] [illegible] Photo by [illegible]

HATE readers may know him simply as "Bagge's inker," but around these parts, Jim Blanchard's a legend. A legend that Jim will tell you is perpetuated by anyone but him, as evidenced in the strips about him from *HATE* #30. But let me tell you something: he might be right to some degree, but it all starts with the man himself.

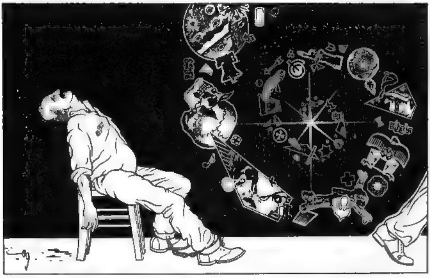
I could write pages of Jim anecdotes. Like about the time he picked a fight with a marine in a bar populated by nothing but other jarheads besides Jim, myself, and J.R. Williams. Or the time he tried on Ellen Forney's "Jew-specs" last winter — it made all light sources look like little Stars of David — and replied without missing a beat, "It'd be better if they were swastikas." Or the time a bum was walking towards us in downtown Seattle late one night and Jim whispered as he approached, "If you come closer I'll kill you. I'll kill you, motherfucker." Then there was the time he threw a porcelain lamp across his hotel room in San Diego and smashed it into bits and pieces, and, after realizing he would be charged for it, bought some superglue and pathetically tried to paste it back together. That same trip he crashed a hotel suite full of anthropomorphic gaming and comics fans with a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a lit cigar in the other. He dresses up as a rapist every year for Halloween (here's a weird bit of Bagge/Blanchard serendipity: each wears the same costume on Halloween every year: Pete's is a silly skeleton outfit, Jim's is a black hooded sweatshirt, jeans, and a switchblade). I saw a refrigerator door almost take his head off once after he placed a bomb inside of it. I've seen video of him crashing the Academy Awards. Jim even gave me a black eye last summer, crushing a volleyball into my face.

I could write pages of Jim anecdotes, but I won't. I'll just say that he's the Neal Cassady of alternative comics. Despite this, he's actually one of the most disciplined and admirable people I know. The man's got integrity. He's got style. Women are afraid and attracted to him at the same time. He has more control with a brush and a keener eye for detail than anybody I can think of. He's a bona fide art hero, in my book. He's protecting and perfecting the cartoonist tradition (and soon to be lost art) of flawless hand-production: no computers, maybe a bit of zip-atone, but basically just Jim and his pens and brushes, and maybe a few knives, toothbrushes, or beers to bring it all together. Like Robert Williams, Jim flaunts his technical mastery with abandon and audacity, and often applies it to deliriously vulgar subject matter. But also like Williams, he's the real deal, a man with a vision. Every time I ink something of Bagge's, I'm somewhat shamed because I know it'll never look as good as if Jim did it himself.

This interview was conducted in Jim's living room. As I roll the audio tape, a good-looking if incredibly boring Christian gal sings on the TV screen about her Lord & Savior. "Show us your tits," Jim mumbles under his breath with disgust.

I least, I think that's what he said; maybe I'm just perpetuating the myth.

— Eric Reynolds



Left: Panel from "The Execution of Carl Jung" from the book CRUEL WORLD by J. Blanchard.
Bottom: Selected panels from "Fecal Feast," which appeared in Denny Eichorn's REAL STUFF #20. The first collaboration between Bagge & Blanchard.

HJ: Where and when were you born?
Blanchard: Houston, Texas, in 1965, but I moved a lot when I was young. I didn't live in Houston for more than a year. Then I moved to Alaska, Ohio… Norway… to California, to New Mexico, to Oklahoma…

HJ: How long were you in Norway?
Blanchard: I lived in Norway five years. I was there like age five to age ten.

Those are some of my first and fondest memories. My father worked as an engineer for Phillips Petroleum. They had a lot of off-shore oil drilling in the North Sea goin' on. He would be on-shore for a week and then spend a week at sea. There was a whole American community over there in Stavanger, enough to support an American school.

HJ: So it didn't seem particularly foreign to you?
Blanchard: Yeah, I guess it did. I mean, with the American school you could kind of get by without having to interact with the Norskies too much… there was an American store there where you could get Sweet-Tarts, Kool-Aid, and marshmallow cream. Stuff like that, at an incredibly high price, of course. I had to learn a little bit of Norwegia-n to get by, though. It was mostly other cultural differences that would affect you: the lack of television, the lack of media in general. I think that was important in that it made me seek other things to do, like makin' art and whatnot...

HJ: You kind of grew up in Oklahoma after that, didn't you?
Blanchard: My teenage years, yeah. I spent about ten years there before I left, in Bartlesville, which is where the corporate headquarters for Phillips is, in Northeastern Oklahoma. It's a total Bible-belt police-state town. Real uptight, 50 or 60 churches in this small town. Incredibly conservative… Needless to say, I got in a lot of trouble there. It was culture shock, because I moved there from Marin County, California, which was more free-wheelin'; all the people I knew there were stoner-types, even at a young age, or at least they aspired to be. When I moved to Oklahoma, it was the opposite. Everybody turned into little versions of their parents at age 15 or so. Wore real preppy clothes, went to church and acted real responsible… No drugs or drink… Well, they drank, but…

HJ: So did Oklahoma set you on your outsider path?
Blanchard: No, that's something that runs very deep. I picked up on that real early in life. Bein' kind of a loner, or misfit, or outcast… I just felt apart from everybody. I guess everyone feels that way to an extent…

HJ: But you weren't your typical nerdy, introverted cartoonist-type, were you?
Blanchard: No, but I was definitely a weirdo. I remember being called "Space Man" when I was 12 years old by the other guys on the baseball team. I've got a lazy eye, which makes people think I'm retarded, and I've always had bizarre interests, even when I was really young. I was into psychedelic art and music when I was really young…

HJ: Were you into comics?
Blanchard: Yeah, I guess, like '70s Marvel comics, when I could get them. I couldn't really get 'em in Norway, but the ones I had, I would really go over them with a fine-toothed comb and study them. Some of them, to this day I can see where they influenced my art. I really liked Spidey and some Jim Starlin stuff like *CAPTAIN MARVEL* or *WARLOCK*… and Berni Wrightson's *SWAMP THING*… the usual suspects.

I didn't discover undergrounds until probably my sophomore year in high school.

HJ: Was that around the same time you started self-publishing BLATCH?
Blanchard: Yeah. I started the *BLATCH* thing around 1982, when I was 16 years old. That was inspired by American hardcore punk and seeing other punk rock people doing their own fanzines and magazines, people I knew in Tulsa. There was a very cool little scene goin' on back then, across the country. I figured why not throw my hat in the ring?
HJ: What were you doing with these?

Blanchard: The first issue I Xeroxed 40 copies and took them to record stores in Tulsa, and mailed them around to other magazines, fanzines, and record labels. That was about it. I was spreading the Punk Rock Gospel to Okies in my own little way. There wasn't any real distribution until the ninth or tenth issue, when Dutch East India and some other music distributors picked it up. And they called me, I never really made much of an effort to turn it into anything big, something that would be distributed widely or anything like that. It was purely a launch-pad and a place to experiment and learn the graphic ropes. Once it started to turn into something bigger, I quit doing it.

HJ: Had you decided at that point that you wanted to do this kind of thing for a living?

Blanchard: Well, I don't know about making a living, but I felt the art urge real early on… ever since like five years old, I was into making models and doing magic marker art… copying panels out of Marvel comics. I remember seeing some psychedelic posters this American hippy teenager had done with magic markers in Norway. I was really attracted to them. I started doing my own version of that when I was like six. I wish I still had those.

Purple and green, man!

As far as doing art as a profession, it just sort of seemed inevitable. There wasn't any other field that I was particularly drawn to, you know? That was always just a given.

HJ: When did you move to Seattle?

Blanchard: September of '87, I think. I graduated from the University of Oklahoma and was living in Bartlesville at my parents' house, working this horrendous construction job as a laborer, for like eight months. I was savin' money and lookin' to get the fuck out of Oklahoma. I ended up picking Seattle. Initially, I was going to move here with a buddy of mine that I went to college with. He was in a band with me. We were going to get a place together, but he split after about a week, for kind of cloudy reasons. I think he just didn't like the prospect of living with me. I ended up staying. I knew this hot-blooded Jewish chick here named Claudia, that I used to know in Oklahoma, and she had a bunch of friends here, so there was a social circle I could kind of plug into. Me and her ended up goin' together for a few years, and that was about it. It seemed like a nice enough place to move to. People seem to appreciate music and art up here a lot more than Oklahoma. I think Uganda would've been better than Oklahoma.

HJ: Did you know any comics folks up here before you moved?

Blanchard: I didn't know that there were too many at the time. Bagge was one of the first people I met here. I had corresponded with him for a long time, back to probably about 1983-84. In fact, Pete contributed to the last two issues of *BLATCH*, if I remember right. I sent him a change of address form when I moved to Seattle, and he immediately called me up and invited me over to watch a Seahawks game with Mark Zingarelli, and I think [Dennis] Eichhorn was there, Michael Dougan… From the start, he was always incredibly nice. I ended up kind of plugging into his social circle as well, which eventually led to hookin' up with the Fantagraphics folks.

But basically I was a loner. For the first three or four years in Seattle, I just stayed in my little basement hovel and worked on artwork constantly.

HJ: What were you producing?

Blanchard: I was working on *BLATCH*, which involved a lot of writing and producing these insanely-detailed one-page drawings that would take me three weeks to do. I was doin' a few record covers, flyers, 45s, shit like that.

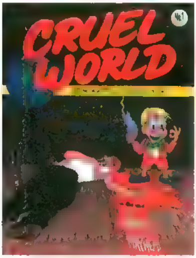
"I was spreading the Punk Rock Gospel to Okies in my own little way."

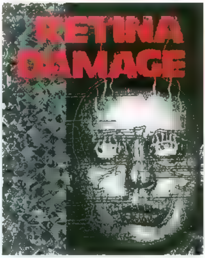
HJ: Were you able to live off that stuff?

Blanchard: Hell, no. I had a bunch of shitty jobs when I first moved here. I had one at a litho/print place.

It was just awful. I had to wake up at seven a.m. and deal with this horrid old cunt who ran the place. I worked at Kinko's for two years. That was actually pretty cool… the graveyard shift at Kinko's. I met a lot of people through that, the late night Kinko's crowd: gas-huffing Satanists, U.F.O./conspiracy freaks, you name it. I still have an amazing stash of documents and weird stuff I duped when I worked there. It was the "Rock 'n' Roll Kinko's" in the University District.

It's not there any more. At one point, Mark Arm [from Mudhoney] worked there, Tad [Doyle, from Tad] worked there… he used to greet people when they first came in and scare the shit out of them. Tommy Bonehead from Alcohol Funnycar. This other Claudia who booked shows at the Vogue worked there. It was real lax, back when Kinko's was kind of cool. You didn't have to wear ties, and they didn't have cameras trained on there employees like they do now. So, we basically got away with murder. It was a great job to have in my position, because I could reproduce my art to my heart's content, and basically fuck off all night, or sleep, or go play frisbee in the street, or scam on the computers. The manager was a total pothead who didn't care at all. I remember one of my "co-workers" raising a Xerox typewriter above his head and smashing the fuck out of it for no good reason at all! We just put an "out-of-order" sign on it!





HJ: When did you start with Fantagraphics?
Blanchard: Pretty much from day one after they moved up here. I think it was 1991, 1990. Pete called me up and said they were moving up here, and he said they needed work in their warehouse… me and Michael Dowers [of Starhead Comics] ran the first warehouse up here. I remember they were looking for an office, and they checked out the 7563 address, which became the office. I went up there with Peter and Joanne [Bagge's wife] and met Gary [Groth, president of Fanta]. It was the first time I met Gary. The building was vacant, before it turned into the hellhole that it is now.

HJ: So you worked at the warehouse first.
Blanchard: Yeah, me and Dowers, for a year or two. It was just the two of us; it wasn't even a warehouse. It's wrong to call it that. I think it was a comic book store at one point, it was out in Bothell [a suburb of Seattle at the north end of Lake Washington]. It was in the middle of a tract mall, basically. There was no loading dock where trucks could come in and unload properly. We were right next to a children's clothing store and a fucking dog groomer. There was this series of narrow stairs we had to haul everything down, or up, you know. Hundreds of boxes we carried up these fucking stairs. It wasn't a warehouse, period. Actually, a pretty legendary place in its own right.

After working in the warehouse for a couple of years, it seemed like Michael had mentioned that they needed production help, and Dale Yarger [Fantagraphics' art director at the time, now with *THE STRANGER*] had seen these trading cards that me and Michael had put together. He was impressed with my production skills, so I rolled in there and started putting together Eros comics right away. I had to learn a lot about making mechanicals, stuff like that… It was all done by hand back then.

HJ: Most people don't know this, but you basically were responsible for the look of the entire Eros line for the first three years.
Blanchard: I did quite a bit of it. "Monster Comics," too (a short-lived Fantagraphics imprint)! I designed a helluva lot of logos, a helluva lot of covers, laying out the typography, that kind of thing.

HJ: Did you enjoy that?
Blanchard: Uh, yeah, I guess it was alright, considering what I could have been doing. I had no design background whatsoever, apart from what I'd learned putting together my fanzine. The money's never going to be good working there, but I guess the subject matter was more to my liking even than a lot of the alternative stuff they were doing. It was more crazy and audacious.

HJ: What was the first thing you and Bagge collaborated on together?
Blanchard: I had inked a lot of Pat Moriarity's stuff already, and I guess Pete saw that and was thinking of using an assem-

An early Bagge/Blanchard collaboration for HUSTLER. Jim inked & colored it.

bly-line process in *HATE*. We did that first strip — "Fecal Feast" — with Denny Eichhorn [in *REAL STUFF* #20], and it seemed to work rather well. It seemed like a natural thing to do. It saved Peter a lot of time.

HJ: Despite inking HATE and a few other things, you've never really been a comics artist. Where do you think you fit into the cartooning scheme of things?
Blanchard: That's a tough one. I don't know. I kind of ended up in the comics realm accidentally, or by default. I've always been more into spending a week or two on one single image or illustration. Comics just seemed for me to be a format to try out stuff and force myself to draw things. If you're doing a comic strip, you've gotta draw a car, or a city-scape, or whatever, in a scene, and that's a good exercise. I don't think my artistic skills or inclinations lend themselves to doing these multi-paneled narratives. So I always kind of ended up on the fringes. I don't know who I could compare myself to, maybe somebody like Rick Griffin, who did comics but you could tell that he wasn't really into the classic model of comics. He was just using them to express some other artistic ideas he had, to work those out.

HJ: How did BAD MEAT (Jim's "porno" comic) come about?
Blanchard: That was almost accidental, too, actually. Eros Comix started up in 1991, and I had been accumulating these one-page drawings that a friend of mine, Chris Kegel, had been sending me. He lived in Portland and worked for Nike. We've been collaborating for a long time, since about 1983-84, when I met him in college. These images that we were doing were sick and sexually-oriented, and I amassed about 15 or 20 of them and showed them to Gary. He liked them, so I decided to come up with a title and package them as a comic. *BAD MEAT*, the title, was actually stolen from a fanzine a friend of mine named Brother Love had put out, in Oklahoma. The first issue sold pretty well, like 5 or 6,000 copies, because anything Eros published at that point sold X amount of copies, no matter how bad it was. So that just happened to coincide with Eros, I didn't intend for those drawings to be collected that way, it just sort of happened.

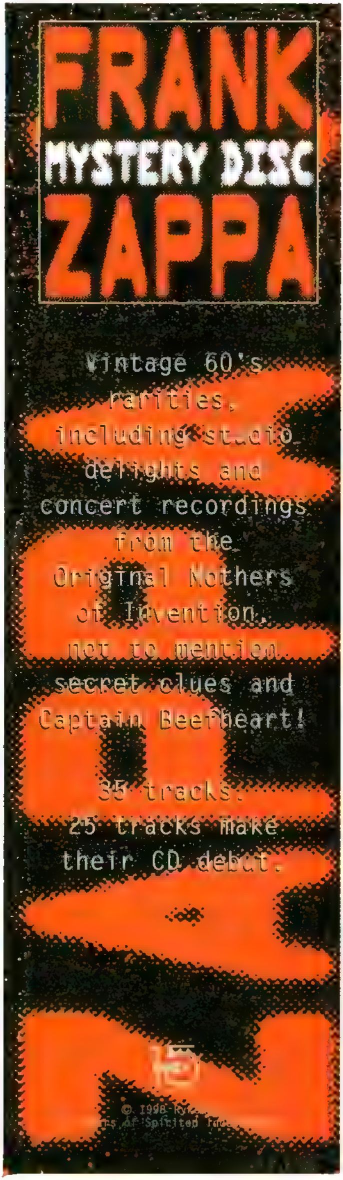
HJ: How did you get hooked into the poster scene in town — doing stuff for (well-known "grunge" record producer) Jack Endino, and others?
Blanchard: Jack Endino played guitar in Skinyard, and I had done LP covers for them as well as other bands on the bass-player's label, C/Z— that would be Daniel House.

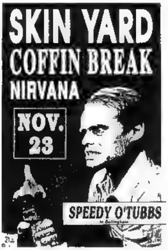
I actually dealt with Daniel back in Oklahoma; he'd taken out ads in *BLATCH*. Endino liked my stuff, so I did cover art for his two solo Lps, "Angle Of Attack," and "Endino's Earthworm." That's about the size of it. He's an incredibly nice guy, very easy to work with. I did a few early Seattle rock flyers, too. A couple with Nirvana as an opening band!

HJ: So you did HATE for 15 issues — are you glad it's over?
Blanchard: I'm sort of glad it's over.

HJ: Weren't you initially going to do only five issues?
Blanchard: Yeah, well, that was the deal, because it's a helluva lotta work. But once I got started on it and it became a regular thing, a steady kind of money-making thing, I was able to do it faster and more systematically — it wasn't the burden I thought it might be. When I started out, I was really laboring over it. I look at my artistic time as pretty precious...

I think the first few issues are really bad, actually, as far as my end of it. I look at those big thick outlines in the early





issues, and don't know what the hell I was thinking. It took a while to try not to assert myself too much on it, just kind of lay back and not let the inks get in the way too much. You get more restrained as time goes on.

HJ: So are you happy overall with the run?
Blanchard: Oh, yeah, I think so. I mean, I was never super-wild about the Buddy Bradley character to be honest. I liked Peter's early *NEAT STUFF* material better. The first five issues. Once those longer Buddy stories started creeping into *NEAT STUFF*, I didn't really care for them as much as I liked Peter's balls-out, wacky, funny stuff, like Studs Kirby and Martini Baton, the *WEIRDO* stuff he did. But I think our styles complemented each other, and it was a real honor to work on it. At the same time, it's not something that's completely in my realm of taste, or something I would work on on my own.

HJ: What did you think of the strips we did about you in HATE #30?
Blanchard: Um, I don't know. I guess the bottom-line is I don't care what the people who read *HATE* think, about me or anything else. At the same time I don't like having words put in my mouth, particularly words I would never say. I wish I could have looked at them before they went to press. I told Pete he could do whatever he wanted, but it seemed like there was a conspiracy of silence to not let me know what was going on.

HJ: Oh, there definitely was!
Blanchard: Yeah. But, I'll take whatever publicity I can get, basically.

HJ: So you think they're a bunch of lies?
Blanchard: Oh, they're all pretty much completely untrue. But that's never stopped Peter before; don't let the truth get in the way of a good story. He's one of these New York guys who just talks too much. He repeats his stories over and over until they mutate into this kind of legend. I've seen it happen a lot, and I've heard this from other people — that's basically where it's at. Like I said, it's cool, I don't care. I've always been into misrepresenting myself to begin with, so a little more can't hurt.

HJ: So you don't think we portrayed you very accurately, huh?
Blanchard: Well, it seemed a little one-sided. But that's understandable, because the only time my peers see me is at parties, and I like to *party* when I'm at a party. Deep down I'm totally sweet, sensitive... the nicest person you'd ever meet. Ha! I guess I'd rather be portrayed as some sort of beer-swilling, hateful rebel than a lot of other things. Pete's got me saying, "I'm opposed to fun"— who in the fuck would ever, ever say that? Not me, that's for sure. I should have demanded an editorial role..

HJ: They wouldn't have been as funny if we'd let you edit them.
Blanchard: Well, I don't know if any of them are really that funny on their own, other than maybe Scalzo's or Altergott's. Even that one, if you don't know me, I don't see how you could find it that funny or interesting.

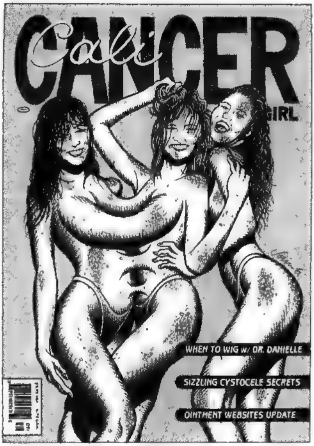
HJ: I don't know, from the mail Pete's gotten, you seem to be the most popular character in HATE.
Blanchard: Yeah, he was talking about copyrighting my name. "Jim Blanchard, created by Peter Bagge." I said fuck you, man, you didn't create him, I created him, baby!

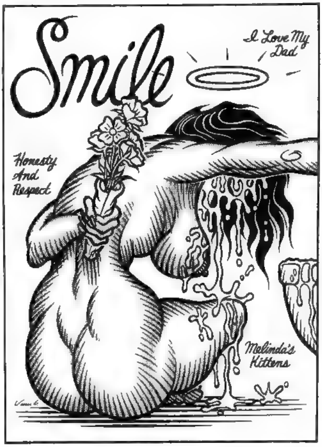
HJ: So what're your post-HATE plans?
Blanchard: I don't really know. I've been keeping the bills paid this year partially off of *HATE* residue: I got a chunk of change from the *BUDDY GO HOME* graphic novel, and I've been selling *HATE* original artwork, too. (S.A.S.E. to : Box 20321 Seattle, Wa 98102 for list!) I've had a real leisurely summer as far as making money goes. I don't know what the future holds, though. I guess I'll look for more freelance work. I may have to get a part-time job at some point, but I'm not going to worry about it until my ass is against the wall.

He was talking about copyrighting my name. "*Jim Blanchard, created by Peter Bagge.*" I said fuck you, man, you didn't create him, I created him, baby!

HJ: What kind of solo projects do you have lined up?
Blanchard: I've always got a book or two in the works, and right now I've got three different projects I'm working on. One of them is a collection of surrealistic pin-up girl art called "Glam Warp." I've got about 20 pages of that done, and that will be a chapbook-sized, little book, as it stands now. I definitely won't self-publish it, I'm going to look for other publishers [editor's note: would-be art moguls can contact Jim c/o Fantagraphics!]. I'm really happy with that, it's the newest thing I'm working on. I've got another book tentatively called "Beasts & Priests," which is the follow-up to my last portraiture collection [*GODS & DOGS*]. I've got about 20 pages as well on that. I'm always doing portraits and accumulating those. That'll be ready to go, sooner or later. The third thing is a big, 100-page, maybe 120-page collection of stuff that goes back to like 1984 or '85, and up through now. It's all illustration work, no comics. I don't have a title for that, it might take a few years to fill it out, but those are the three projects I'm focusing on right now.

HJ: So you're not going to self-publish any more?
Blanchard: I don't know. Without the money, it's hard to do.





HJ: Do you ever worry that you're neither here nor there as an artist? You're not a cartoonist per se, and you're not a fine artist. You're sort of an illustrator, which is kind of looked down upon in some circles...
Blanchard: I think the fact that what I do is difficult to nail down or categorize is a good thing. It's one of the only things it has going for it. I definitely feel disconnected from most of the "comics community." Would you want to hang out with those people? Good Lord, no. I'm more into music people, I guess. Comics just attract a certain crowd of people who aren't real people, you know what I mean? Even aesthetically, the alternative comics scene now… ugh. I'm more into the early '70s undergrounds, that's the perfect aesthetic for me as far as comics goes, something like *Zap*, or Greg Irons. That's more where I'm comin' from. S. Clay Wilson, something bombastic and fried-out.

I don't consider my art to be solely "illustrations." I've been doing one-page pieces of graphic art for years that really have no purpose other than to satisfy some weird obsessive drive inside me. They're very strange. They don't exist for any commerical reason, and since that's the case, they have a neat quality to them. I like the fact that they're not paintings to be hung on a wall or comics to be read, they don't fit into any easy category. At the same time, that can screw you around when it comes time to explain them or sell them.

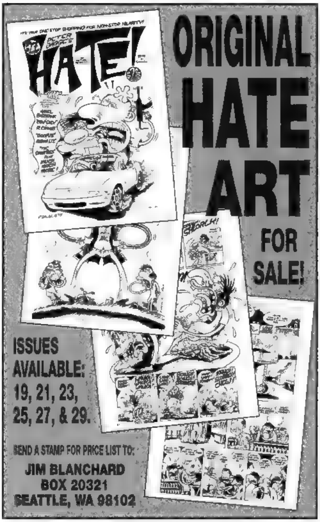
HJ: Some folks claim illustration work isn't valid because you're drawing ideas that pre-exist, you're not creating ideas per se, like you would as a cartoonist who writes and draws his own material or a painter who creates "fine art."
Blanchard: I don't think people writing their own stories are necessarily coming up with original ideas, they may borrow from other people's ideas as much as an illustrator. I don't know that the source of the idea is any qualification for whether something is good art. Either the finished art has a life of its own or it doesn't. Certain illustration work can be removed from the magazine article it's illustrating and still stand on its own.

HJ: A lot of your portraiture works that way.
Blanchard: Thanks. They're intended to be an end in themselves. The fact that they're used with interviews or articles in magazines is secondary as far as I'm concerned. It's a way to get paid for my art, and that's it.

HJ. Alright, we should end this. Anything you want to say to your fans?
Blanchard: "Fans"?

HJ. How about HATE readers?
Blanchard: God bless you, *HATE* readers. I love each and every one of you! I'd love to kiss you all on your little foreheads if I could, and sprinkle little flower petals on your kittycats!

—THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!—



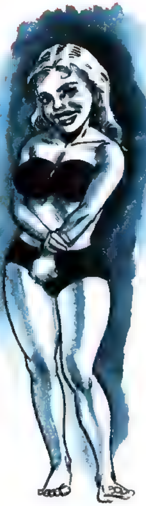
An Interview with "DOOFUS" Creator Rick Altergott

The following interview was conducted in mid-1997, and was intended to appear on WIZARD magazine's AOL site. That never came about, however, due mainly to both me and Rick's bumbling incompetence. HATE JAMBOREE is a much more suitable place for such an exchange anyway, so we dusted it off, added a few more lies, and Voilà! Enjoy, Doofus lovers! —PB

HATE JAMBOREE: First the boring background stuff: Where were you born and raised, did your Mommy ever spank you, stuff like that.
RICK ALTERGOTT: I was born in Wilmington, Delaware in 1961. I had a pretty routine childhood, nothing too out of the ordinary. My Mother began teaching at a private country day school when I was in the second grade, so both me and my older sister were enrolled there for free. We were able to mix with Delaware's social elite: Blue Bloods, trust funders, and other well-heeled types. That's where I learned to be such an erudite snob.

I also received some excellent early training in art which continued right up to the time I enrolled in college. I basically came of age in the '70s, smoking pot in high school, went to rock concerts, all the typical stuff.

To those who do like [*Doofus*], I think it's because it doesn't appeal to the status quo.



HJ: Your art is clearly influenced by Wally Wood. Were you familiar with his work at an early age? And what other comic artists had a profound influence on you?
RA: Before I learned of Wally Wood, I was a big Mort Drucker fan. I still am! I read *MAD* religiously, and even did a horrible *MAD* imitation called "The Rag" in high school. Me and a few friends put that out, making copies of it with the school's mimeograph machine. Like *MAD*, it had spoofs of movies and TV shows, which I would draw in my horrible Drucker rip-off style. There were spoofs of *Star Wars*, *The Waltons*, *King Kong*, etc.

Wood had done his last piece for *MAD* in issue #146, I think, so I hadn't seen too much of his cartooning by then. I became familiar with it when I started collecting the Ballantine paperback reprints. I was such a rabid *MAD* fan that I had to buy all the *MAD* paperbacks. Initially, I wasn't too taken with Wood's stuff; but after a period of gestation he, along with Jack Davis and Will Elder, joined Mort Drucker as my favorite cartoonists. Soon he became my favorite! He still is my favorite artist, and has been for twenty years or so. He's so versatile, and one of the few artists who can make laugh out loud. I discovered the Underground cartoonists while in high school. And now that I think about it, I was reading "Little Annie Fanny" in the back of my Dad's *PLAYBOY*s, which he didn't hide carefully enough. I'm not sure I made the connection between the reprint black and white Elder art and the gorgeous, full blown rendered color art in "Little Annie Fanny" or not, but some of the imagery in those strips was so charged, particularly since it was about sex, and also sneaked, hence forbidden; that certain pictures remain with me to this day. One scene where a line of women remove their bras enraptured me. Titties! Yeh!! Luckily, my Dad had all the issues from the '60s, so I was able to check out all the episodes; especially the ones where they light up green joints!

Also, I got my first look at the work of R. Crumb, when he did a full page mock up of the "East Village Other" for an "Annie" strip. *PLAYBOY* ran a lot of strips by the underground guys. I remember a dope smuggling game by Gilbert Shelton, for example, which was where my head was at at the time (mid-'70s). Crumb was the standout, though. Just like so many other cartoonists cite him, it was the same for me — his art was a bolt from out of the blue! I don't think it's a coincidence that almost everyone can distinctly remember the first time they saw his work. That's the power of his stuff!

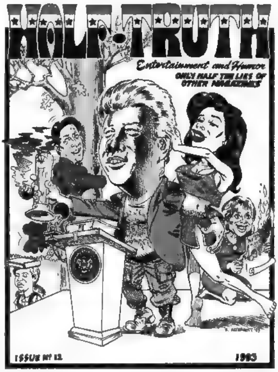
HJ: Did you enter art school with the intention of becoming a professional cartoonist?
RA: I enrolled in Pratt Institute (in Brooklyn, NY) with the intention of becoming a filmmaker. I wanted to direct! Even though Pratt has produced a good number of cartoonists, they didn't have a cartooning curriculum at the time. Still don't, to my knowledge. I took all my freshman classes with Dan Clowes, and we've remained friends ever since. At the time — 1978-'79 — there was a Punk Rock Rebellion going on that was a lot of fun, especially when taken to the dizzying heights that it was when practiced by pretentious art school types. Dan's masterwork, "Art School Confi-dential," is taken from fact. I can attest to almost all of the material in it as being verbatim. I was great friends with the "Macho Art Sadist," and his girlfriend, too; and yes, she did attend the class, just like in the story!

New York was a great place to be as a teen. I did a lot of partying, riding around on the subway in my leather jacket.

HJ: What did you do once you were through with school? Did you stay in New York for a while, or did you head straight back to Delaware?
RA: After art school I lingered around NY for the summer. I had no job prospects and no money. For a while I "squatted" in the dorm, fearful of the day the maintenance crew would find me and dump my ass out on the street. I submitted inking samples to DC comics during this time, as well as some marker comps and storyboard samples intended to get me work at Young & Rubicain, then the world's largest ad agency. But all of my samples were too shitty to get me any work. Pratt had no job placement program for their grads, and gave us absolutely no idea what to expect after graduating. I remember finding a place off campus, off a remote acquaintance who had an empty apartment for the summer, so I was able to escape the dorms before getting evicted. It was a desperate and uncertain time for me.

A few months later, I moved back to Wilmington, three hours south of New York. There I gradually was able to get hands on experience at a type house, some small ad agencies, and a newspaper. Most of the practical skills I learned in graphics and design were acquired at this time. Later I did some freelance work for CRACKED, thanks to my old art school chums Mort Todd and Cliff Mott, from my hometown, which was nice.

HJ: How did you wind up working for John Kricfalusi, and what did you do at Spumco, for the most part?
RA. After I moved to Los Angeles in the early '90s, I met some of the people who worked on the original *REN & STIMPY* show. My friend and neighbor Richard Purcel recommended me for a position at John Kricfalusi's studio, Spumco, right when they were starting up their comic book. My job was color design, and John K was very particular about this phase of the project. I learned a lot about color theory from him. John is very generous about sharing his knowledge. The studio had about three issues of the comic book finished, when the publisher, Marvel, pulled out. Marvel was sort of



imploding at the time, and we were part of the fallout, I guess. Dark Horse then agreed to publish it, and all the issues looked great. I hope Spumco stays in the comic book business, since this industry could use something different.

HJ: How did you come up with the characters Doofus and Henry Hotchkiss? Were they inspired by someone you know, God forbid, or did they evolve from some simple scratches and doodles?

RA: Doofus started as a character I referred to as a "Gag Catcher": someone with a continuity that I could shoehorn any weird gag I came up with into. I was working at a news-paper at the time, so my awareness of the comic strips was heightened. I was entertaining the thought of doing a strip, but I hated the prevailing, creeping PC sensibilities I was seeing in the current strips. I wanted a hero who was kind of a creep, like in the old days of comics, such as "Mutt & Jeff," where the hero was a racetrack tout. A perfect example of what I was trying to counter would be "Sally Forth" (not the Wood comic series, but the sickening daily strip). Today's most nauseating offering, only even more pandering, would be "PC & Pixel." EWWWWW!!!

Anyway, *DOOFUS* began as a reaction to crap like that. When I started drawing *DOOFUS*, I was reading the "Li'l Abner" reprints put out by Kitchen Sink. I was influenced by Capp's Sunday calling outfit for Abner, hence the Straw

One running criticism of my comics is that they're "too... quirky." How I hate that word!

Boater. I was also getting into the "Prince Valiant" series being reprinted by Fantagraphics at the same time. So it may have been weird cross-pollination going on.

Henry Hotchkiss took shape from a perpetual phone doodle I would do. He was based on a character that Wood used to put in early *MAD* pieces, like the Hi-Fi guy in super thick glasses. A kind of a cool nerd.

I don't have any idea where their names came from, however.

HJ: Could you give us a rundown on what other comic book work you've done besides DOOFUS?

RA: I've done a bunch of other characters who've seen print in a variety of places. I did a one-pager in *WEIRDO*, which I'm proud to have appeared in. It gives me some "old school" "cred," and was a great boost to my confidence. Then in '87 I got hooked up with a sleazebag publisher named Ron Frantz, who promised me work inking comics. I even moved to Chicago to join Dan Clowes and set up a studio in his grandmother's house (I was "squatting" again!). I inked 2 books drawn by Steve Ditko. It was fun working on comics every night with Dan. He was working on the first issue of *EIGHTBALL* at the time, and even did a lettering job for Frantz. The shitheel ripped us off! No payment *or* returned artwork! It was an honor to ink over Ditko's pencil's, though I ruined a lot of beautiful penciling with my overwrought and clunky inking style. I was no "Jim Blanchard" back in '87. I don't know if you remember how many terrible B&W comics were glutting the market back then — all terrible superhero stuff drawn and written by rank amateurs! How Ditko got in with this bunch is unknown to me. Clowes's "Dan Pussey" was a kind of response to the state the market was in at that time.

Aside from my coloring for Spumco and contributions to *CRACKED*, I've also done work for *ZERO ZERO* and *MEASLES*.

HJ: What's your take on the extremely polarized, love-it-or-hate-it reaction DOOFUS has received once it began appearing in HATE? Were you flattered? Annoyed? Or both?

RA: I'm extremely happy that *DOOFUS* has polarized *HATE*'s audience into two distinct camps. One running criticism of my comics is that they're "too... quirky." How I hate that word! Most people who don't like *DOOFUS* just don't "get it." To those who do like it, I think it's because it doesn't appeal to the status quo. I intend for it to be crafted in the traditional language of cartoons and comics, but with a different kind of humor. I like to send a subversive message within a seemingly traditional structure. People who enjoy *DOOFUS* probably are aware of this approach and are reacting favorably to the strip for this reason. I am *not trying* to be "quirky," however, and to labeled as such makes me worry that I'm not a good enough writer to pull off what I'm trying to do.

HJ. What's it like living with one of those weird "girl" cartoonists? Is it hard not to make fun of the way she draws all the live-long day? Is she just like the title character in "Chasing Amy"?

RA. Ariel Bordeaux is a great artist who has my love and respect. She's also very supportive of my cartooning, and we trade a lot of ideas around. I don't have the courage to do the personal stories that she does, though; I continue to hide behind totally fictional artifices. Maybe under her tutelage I will one day be able to create a believable female character!

As for her own drawing style, I find it very charming and sweet.

I never saw the movie "Chasing Amy."

HJ: Any future plans with your comics?

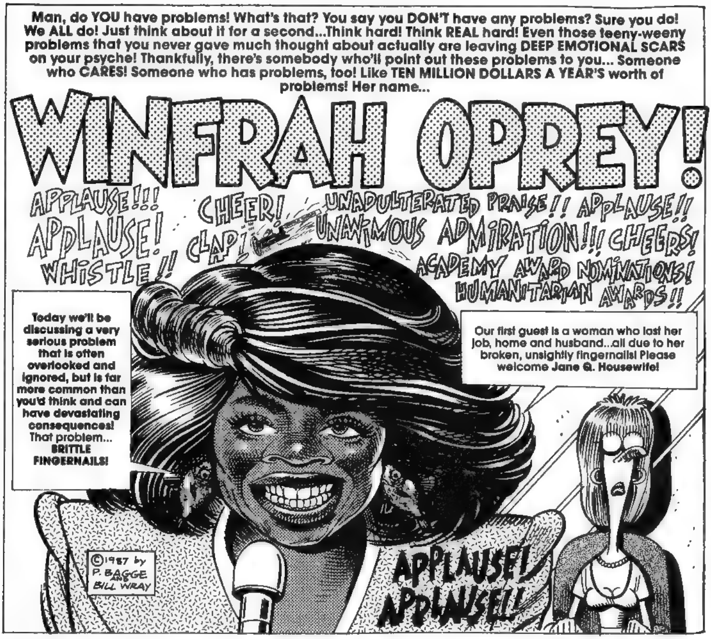
RA: I'll probably continue with comics, though not with the enthusiasm I used to have. There's simply no way I'll ever be able to support myself off of material like *DOOFUS*. I wish I could come up with a popular character, but all I seem to have in my stable are creeps and outcasts for whom decent folks care not a whit.

—THE END—

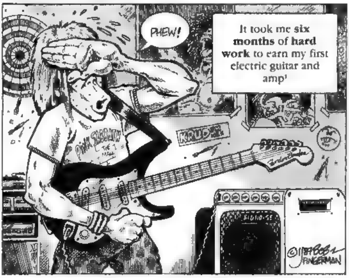
P. BAGGE'S "ART" GALLERY

From *STOP!* magazine, 1981.

Above. "Junior." A sample of one of my half-hearted attempts at self-syndication, 1983.
Below. "The Beautiful People," a very early color strip, from a low-rent porno mag called *VIDEO X*, 1982.



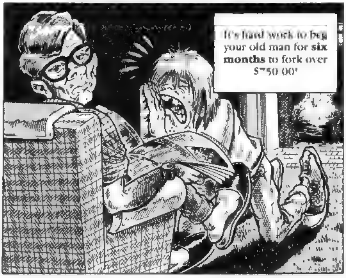
WHEN HE SAYS...

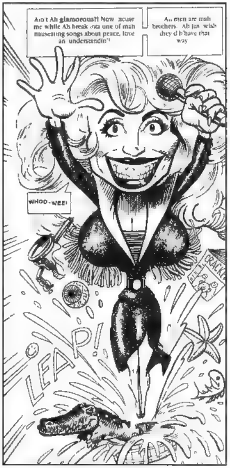


Art by Bob Fingerman.

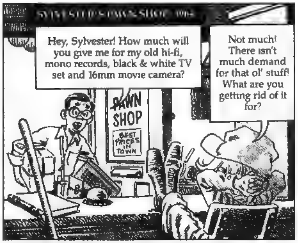
Here's a sampling of work I wrote for *CRACKED* magazine in the late 1980s at the instigation of then editor Michael Delle-Femine (a.k.a. "Mort Todd). I never drew for them, just submitted roughs that Mort then passed on to a pretty impressive array of artists. I paid little thought to my *CRACKED* contributions at the time (sorry, Mort!) but upon re-reading them I must say that they were pretty funny! I'm a funny guy! Most of my *CRACKED* scripts were illustrated by Bill Wray, who later worked on *REN & STIMPY* and other "Spumco" projects.

WHAT HE REALLY MEANS IS...



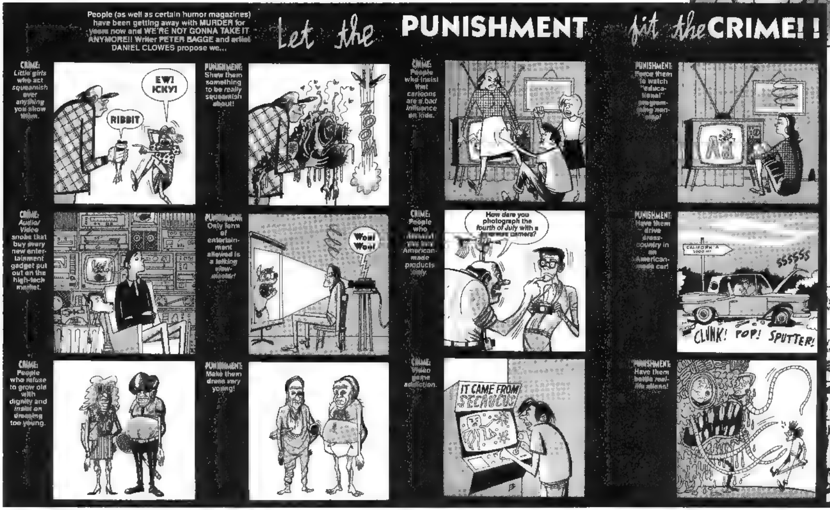


From a spoof of "*The Dolly Parton Show*," with Bill Wray.

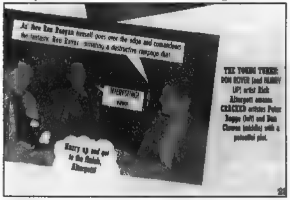


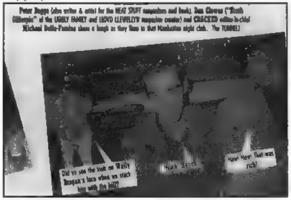
Art by John Severin.

Below: My very first *CRACKED* contribution, with Dan Clowes. The publisher was repulsed by Dan's art and banned him from *CRACKED*, but Dan continued to contribute under the absurd moniker "Stash Gillespie."



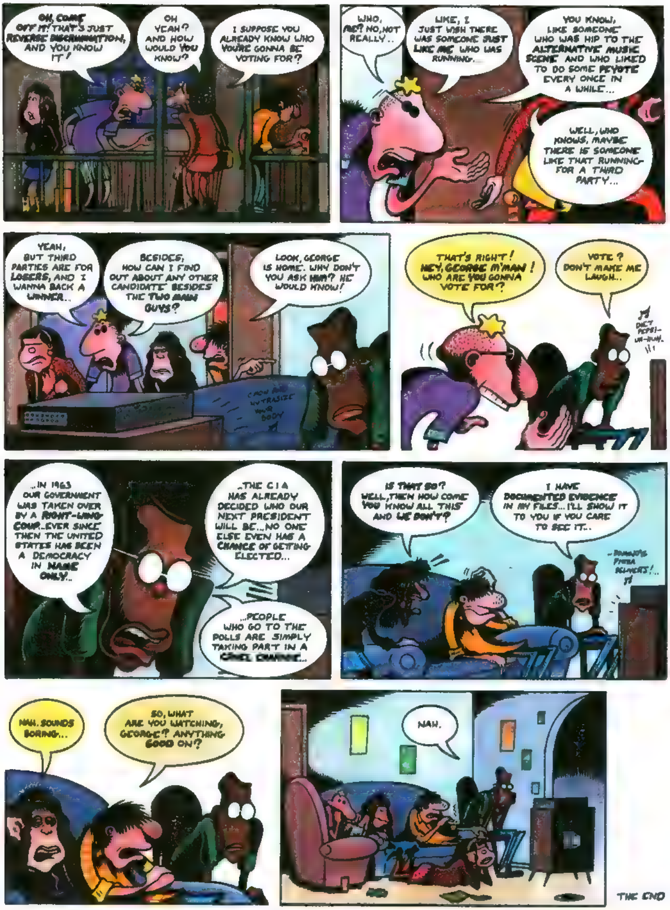
These pictures ran in *CRACKED's* article celebrating their 30th anniversary party





This spoof of 20/20 was my *CRACKED* "masterpiece." *Great* art by Bill Wray!

From *DETAILS*, 1992.


OH, COME OFF IT! THAT'S JUST REVERSE DISCRIMINATION, AND YOU KNOW IT!
OH YEAH? AND HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?
I SUPPOSE YOU ALREADY KNOW WHO YOU'RE GONNA BE VOTING FOR?
WHO, ME? NO, NOT REALLY..
LIKE, I JUST WISH THERE WAS SOMEONE JUST LIKE ME WHO WAS RUNNING...
YOU KNOW, LIKE SOMEONE WHO WAS HIP TO THE ALTERNATIVE MUSIC SCENE AND WHO LIKED TO DO SOME PEYOTE EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE...
WELL, WHO KNOWS, MAYBE THERE IS SOMEONE LIKE THAT RUNNING FOR A THIRD PARTY...
YEAH, BUT THIRD PARTIES ARE FOR LOSERS, AND I WANNA BACK A WINNER..
BESIDES, HOW CAN I FIND OUT ABOUT ANY OTHER CANDIDATE BESIDES THE TWO MAIN GUYS?
LOOK, GEORGE IS HOME. WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM? HE WOULD KNOW!
THAT'S RIGHT! HEY, GEORGE M'MAN! WHO ARE YOU GONNA VOTE FOR?
VOTE? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH..
DIET PEPSI- UH-HUH.
..IN 1963 OUR GOVERNMENT WAS TAKEN OVER BY A RIGHT-WING COUP..EVER SINCE THEN THE UNITED STATES HAS BEEN A DEMOCRACY IN NAME ONLY..
..THE C I A HAS ALREADY DECIDED WHO OUR NEXT PRESIDENT WILL BE...NO ONE ELSE EVEN HAS A CHANCE OF GETTING ELECTED...
..PEOPLE WHO GO TO THE POLLS ARE SIMPLY TAKING PART IN A
IS THAT SO? WELL, THEN HOW COME YOU KNOW ALL THIS AND WE DON'T?
I HAVE DOCUMENTED EVIDENCE IN MY FILES... I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU IF YOU CARE TO SEE IT..
NAH. SOUNDS BORING...
SO, WHAT ARE YOU WATCHING, GEORGE? ANYTHING GOOD ON?
NAH.
THE END

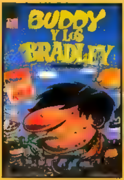
MUNDO
IDIOTA
VIBORA
HATE
BUDDY BRADLEY MANAGERINA
ODIO

From J.D. King's *TWIST* comics, 1988.

GRRR... LOOK AT THOSE STATUS QUO BOYS EAGERLY FORKING OVER GOOD MONEY FOR THE LATEST HORSE-DROPPINGS FROM MARVEL + D.C.! WHY DO THEY LIKE THAT GARBAGE?
CAN'T THEY SEE THAT WHAT I'M BUYING IS VASTLY SUPERIOR? THE POOR SAPS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE MISSING!
LATER, AT THE RECORD SHOP...
WOWIE ZOWIE! LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE BARGAIN BIN! ROSEMARY KAZOONIE WITH THE EDSON FIDDLE ORCHASTRA!
AND IT'S ONLY $1.99! WHAT A DEAL!
OH GREAT! NOW I GOTTA STAND IN LINE WITH ALL THESE MTV-ADDICTS WHILE THEY BUY THE LATEST HITS BY THE LATEST LIMEY-RIP-OFF-ART-ROCK-DISCO-FAG-BANDS!
KIDZ THEZE DAYZ ARE BRAIN-WASHED!
WHAT KILLS ME IS THAT THEY THINK THEY'RE SO "GROOVY," BUT THEY'RE A BUNCH OF SUCKERS! JUST LOOK AT THESE TWO, ALL DONE UP IN THEIR PRE-MADE "PUNK" OUTFITS!
POOEY! I HATE THEM TO PIECES!*
* ACTUALLY THINKS THEY'RE CUTE
...OKAY, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ALL THINKING OUT THERE! YOU MUST BE SAYING TO YOURSELVES "JUST WHO THE HECK IS THIS GUY TO GO AROUND PASSING JUDGEMENT ON EVERYBODY? DOESN'T HE KNOW THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY? THAT EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO THEIR OWN OPINIONS?"
YOU ALSO MUST BE WONDERING WHY I'M SO CONCERNED WITH WHAT OTHER PEOPLE READ + LISTEN TO WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT IN THIS WORLD, LIKE DEATH + TAXES AND LIKE THAT...
WELL, YOU'RE ALL PERFECTLY JUSTIFIED IN FEELING THAT WAY, AND IN MOST CASES IT WOULD BE A TOTALLY VALID ARGUMENT. BUT IN THIS INSTANCE THERE'S ONE SMALL FACTOR THAT YOU'RE OVERLOOKING, AND THAT IS...
...THAT I'M ALWAYS RIGHT, AND EVERYBODY ELSE CAN GO TO HELL!
ANY QUESTIONS? GOOD!
THE END!

From the "campus" version of *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY*, 1998. Sour grapes, perhaps?

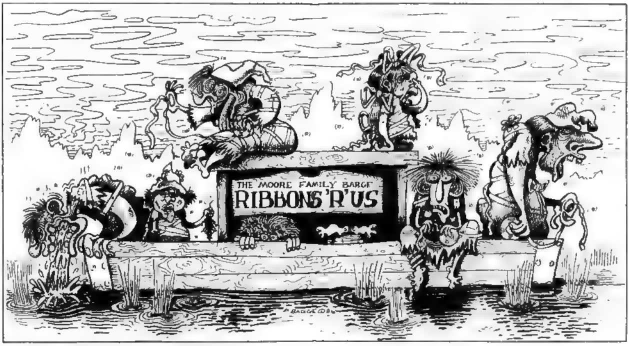
From *DETAILS*, 1994.



music is...

From a Rykodisc calendar, 1994

Rykodisc. *What music sounds like.*

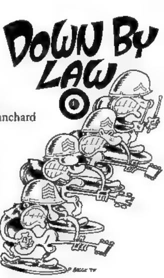


Illo for an Alan Moore story, from *HONK*, 1986

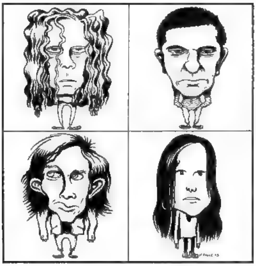
This strip ran inside the booklet that accompanied a George Thorogood CD It was inked by Jim Woodring, who didn't want any credit...

-1-

-2-



T-shirt design,
Inked by J. Blanchard



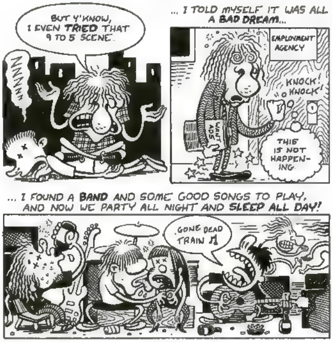
These were for an unmade animated "FUNLAND" video

Illo from the VILLAGE VOICE, 1987.

...(he took the money, though). Jim also colored the CD's cover.

Cover for an upcoming CD compilation

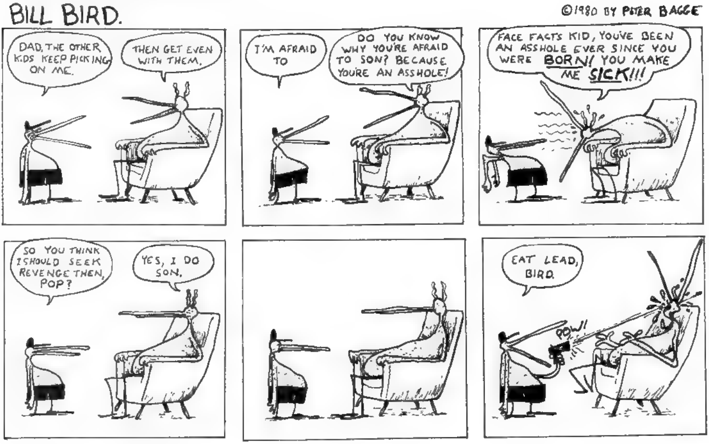
— 5 —



—6—

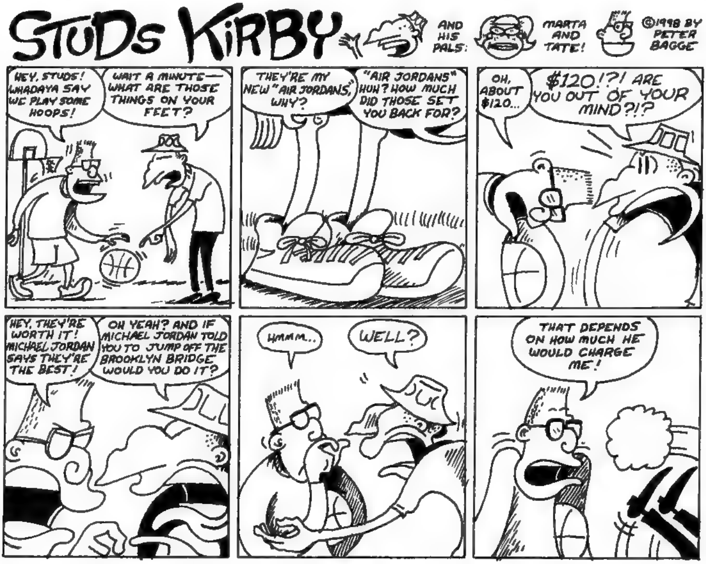
From the VILLAGE VOICE's music supplement, 1989.

From *EAST VILLAGE EYE*, 1980. *HAW!*



I submitted these *STUDS KIRBY* roughs to ESPN magazine, but never heard back from them. Oh well, *I* thought they were funny!

STUDS KIRBY AND HIS PALS: MARTA AND TATE!
©1998 BY PETER BAGGE
...I'LL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES! SEE YA!
WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO?
I'M HEADIN' OVER TO TATES TO WATCH THE BIG GAME!
OH, GREAT! YOU MEAN YOU'RE GONNA GET DRUNK AGAIN, HUH?
DRUNK? WHO, ME?
YES, YOU! YOU BOTH GET HAMMERED EVERY TIME YOU WATCH A GAME AT HIS PLACE!
FIDDLE-STICKS! WE DO NOT!
YOU DO TOO! I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME THAT YOU'LL LIMIT YOUR-SELF TO JUST ONE BEER!
FINE! NO PROBLEM!
GOOD! AND I'M HOLDING YOU TO YOUR WORD, MISTER! A PROMISE IS A PROMISE!
LATER...
...HERE YA GO, TATE! ONE FOR YOU AND ONE FOR ME...


STUDS KIRBY AND HIS PALS: MARTA AND TATE!
©1998 BY PETER BAGGE
HEY, STUDS! WHADAYA SAY WE PLAY SOME HOOPS!
WAIT A MINUTE— WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS ON YOUR FEET?
THEY'RE MY NEW "AIR JORDANS", WHY?
"AIR JORDANS" HUH? HOW MUCH DID THOSE SET YOU BACK FOR?
OH, ABOUT $120...
$120!?! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!?
HEY, THEY'RE WORTH IT! MICHAEL JORDAN SAYS THEY'RE THE BEST!
OH YEAH? AND IF MICHAEL JORDAN TOLD YOU TO JUMP OFF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE WOULD YOU DO IT?
HMMM...
WELL?
THAT DEPENDS ON HOW MUCH HE WOULD CHARGE ME!

Above These illos were for an ad for some start-up cable-station (I forget which) but were never used.

From *DETAILS*, 1998.

1.

KOOTCHIE, KOOTCHIE GOO GOO GA GA...
OH BROTHER!
ONE BILLION TASTELESS JOKES
AN IMPRESSIVE LINEUP OF BIG-NAME STARS TAKE PART IN THE VAST ARRAY OF PLAYS, TRIBUTES, FILM SCREENINGS AND TV TAPINGS, BUT ONE REASON THEY'RE HERE IS THE SLOPES!
I'M IN A ONE-ACT PLAY WITH TERI GARR...
ONCE THAT'S OVER WITH I'M OFF FOR A WEEK OF SNOWBOARDING!
CATHERINE O'HARA IN THE "VAN-POOL" FROM THE AIRPORT
YET WHILE THE CELEBS ARE GETTING THEIR BACKS AND EGOS MASSAGED, THE YOUNG HOPEFULS IN ATTENDANCE HAVE A LOT MORE ON THEIR MINDS THAN "HAVING FUN"—LIKE THEIR CAREERS!
I'M TELLIN' YA, FOLKS, THE FIRST TIME I DID STAND-UP I SWEAR I SHIT MY PANTS...
OH MY GOD! I JUST DID SHIT MY PANTS!
HAHA HAHA
FOR THEM THIS IS A HIGH-STAKES WEEKEND!
THE MAIN REASON THEY'RE HERE IS TO PUT THEIR WARES ON DISPLAY FOR ALL THE SCOUTS AND PRODUCERS ON HAND, HOPING TO DISCOVER "THE NEXT SEINFELD"!
WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS FUNNY, FUNNY LADY?
SHE SINGS, SHE DANCES, SHE'S GOT "LIKABILITY".
HEH-HEH!
DID I HEAR SOMEBODY SAY "DEVELOPMENT DEAL"?
YET NO ONE LOOKS MORE OUT OF PLACE THAN A YOUNG COMIC WALKING THE STREETS OF ASPEN ALONE—NO BUDDY TO KIBITZ WITH, NO AUDIENCE TO WOO...JUST A NERVOUS WRECK ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS.
HOW DID I WIND UP IN THIS HONKY HELL-HOLE?
SOME-THING BETTER COME OF THIS OR I'LL BE PISSED...
I WONDER IF I'LL CATCH ANY FLAK IF I TELL MY SONNY BONO JOKE...
MAN, DO I NEED A DRINK..
A LOT OF THESE GUYS HAIL FROM THE RUST BELT, RAISED IN DYSFUNCTIONAL HOUSE-HOLDS. FOR THEM THE ROAD TO ASPEN HAS BEEN A LONG, STRANGE TRIP INDEED!
SMASH!
STUPID GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN' KID!
LOOK WHO'S TALKIN', YA BUM!
SOMEDAY I'LL TRANSFORM ALL THIS PAIN AND SUFFERING INTO FAME AND FORTUNE!
THIS WHOLE FAMILY'S GONNA BURN IN HELL...
=SNIFF!=
DAD
WITH REVENGE ON HIS MIND, THE NOVICE YUCKSTER FIRST BRAVES "OPEN-MIKE" NIGHTS, TRYING TO PACKAGE HIS ANGER AND SELF-LOATHING INTO SOMETHING PALATABLE FOR THE MASSES...
SHE TOLD ME TO GIVE HER 12 INCHES AND "MAKE IT HURT".
THESE PEOPLE HATE ME! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM?
THE GOOD ONES THEN MOVE ON TO PAYING GIGS, AND THEN —ASSUMING THEY HAVE THE HEART AND/OR STOMACH FOR IT —ON TO L.A. FOR A SHOT AT TV AND THE MOVIES...
..SO I FUCKED HER 3 TIMES AND PUNCHED HER IN THE FACE!
THESE PEOPLE LOVE ME? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM?
ONCE A NEUROTIC, ALWAYS A NEUROTIC!

BILLS
INCOME TAX
THEY THEN MAY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE BUSINESS OF NOT MAKING TV SHOWS AND MOVIES! TAKE THE CASE OF SARAH STANLEY, IN TOWN TO PERFORM HER ONE-PERSON PLAY, "ALL ABOUT EGGS"...
...SHE KNOWS HOW WE FEEL ABOUT PROCREATION AND ALL THAT MALARKEY...
...MAKING A LITTLE "YOU," AND DRESSING IT UP IN LITTLE "YOU" CLOTHES ...IT'S SO POMPOUS...
THE ENSUING "BUZZ" HELPED HER NAIL A MUCH-COVETED "DEVELOPMENT DEAL"; YET HER ENTHUSIASM IS GUARDED...
I'VE BEEN DOWN THIS ROAD BEFORE, SO I CAN'T GET TOO EXCITED...
BUT AT LEAST I'LL HAVE A STEADY INCOME FOR A WHILE.. I BARELY MADE LAST MONTH'S RENT!
PAUL F. [redacted] ALSO WON OFFERS AND PRAISE FOR HIS ONE-PERSON SHOW, "DRIVEN TO DRINK."
...HOLLYWOOD ISN'T THE DRINKING TOWN IT USED TO BE...
CLARK GABLE ONCE RAN SOMEONE OVER WHILE DRUNK, AND THEY JUST GAVE HIM A TICKET.
YET WHILE ENJOYING HIS "MOMENT IN THE SUN," TOMPKINS RETAINS HIS SANITY BY REMINDING HIMSELF OF THE REALITIES OF HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION...
I'M STILL THRILLED JUST TO BE WORKING IN THIS BIZ...
NOBODY BELIEVES ME WHEN I SAY THIS, BUT I LOVE HOLLYWOOD!
AND AS STAND-UP VETERAN MARGARET CHO CAN ATTEST, EVEN STARRING IN A PRIME-TIME NETWORK SITCOM CAN HAVE IT'S DRAWBACKS...
...EVEN MY ABORTIONIST SAID TO ME: "NEXT TIME YOU SHOULD FIGHT FOR MORE CREATIVE CONTROL."...
...I SAID "WILL YOU SHUT UP AND JUST KILL MY BABY?!"
BUT THAT WHICH DOESN'T KILL YOU MAKES YOU STRONGER...
TOO BAD MY PERSONAL LIFE IS STILL A MESS, THOUGH I'D PROBABLY RUN OUT OF MATERIAL IF IT WASN'T!
...AND NOW I DO HAVE CREATIVE CONTROL OVER WHAT I DO...
WOOF!
SPEAKING OF MESSED-UP PERSONAL LIVES, THIS YEAR'S FEST FEATURED A DOCUMENTARY ON LENNY BRUCE, THE PROTOTYPE OF ALMOST ALL STAND-UP COMICS THAT FOLLOWED HIM...
...NICE HOBBY SHOP YOU GOT HERE, MISTER...
...I'LL TAKE 3,000 TUBES OF AIRPLANE GLUE!
...HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA...
HUMOR AS CATHARSIS; TO DIG DEEP AND BARE ALL —THAT'S STILL WHAT MOST YOUNG COMEDIANS STRIVE FOR, ALTHOUGH NONE OF THEM WANT TO BE A MARTYR LIKE HE WAS...
WELL, IF LENNY WAS ALIVE TODAY HE'D BE VYING TO BE "THE NEXT SEINFELD," TOO!

HEE HAW
HA!
JUST THINK! IF LENNY "LUCKED OUT" HE COULD BE LIVING OUT THE REST OF HIS LIFE AS A HUMAN CARTOON CHARACTER, LIKE GEORGE WENDT AND THE OTHER CAST MEMBERS OF "CHEERS".
GOING UP?
HUH? OH. YEAH.
IT'S "NORM"!
TRUDGE! TRUDGE!
BUT EVEN THEN HE MAY STILL WANT TO VENT HIS SPLEEN, LIKE JOHN CLEESE DID IN HIS A.F.I. AWARD ACCEPTANCE SPEECH DURING THE TAPING OF THE MONTY PYTHON TRIBUTE...
...THIS WOULD'VE BEEN A BIG HELP BACK WHEN WE WERE YOUNG AND STRUGGLING...
UNLIKE NOW, WHEN WE'RE RICH AND FAMOUS, AND YOU'RE ALL CREAMING IN YOUR JEANS JUST TO RUB SHOULDERS WITH US!
EVERYONE LAUGHED AT THIS "JOKE" BUT HE SURE SOUNDED SERIOUS TO ME!
NONE OF THIS IS TO IMPLY THAT COMEDY IS "DEAD"—AU CONTRAIRE! THIS FEST WAS AWASH WITH FUNNY PEOPLE, SUCH AS THE CAST AND GUESTS OF A LIVE PERFORMANCE OF "DR. KATZ" (WHY DO THEY BOTHER TO ANIMATE THIS SHOW ANYWAY?).
I FOUND "BULLY" IN THE DUMPSTER! HOW COULD YOU, DAD?
"BULLY"?
H. JON BENJAMIN WAS GREAT AS DR KATZ'S SON!
WE ARE "HONG KONG DANGER DUO"!
"DUO"? THERE'S THREE OF YOU!
BABY SHIRT TOO SMALL FOR HUMAN!
AAAH! TOO TIGHT! TAKE OFF!
YANK
...AND NEW YORK'S UPRIGHT CITIZENS BRIGADE, WHO TERRORIZE THE AUDIENCE BY USING THE ENTIRE THEATER AS A STAGE FOR THEIR HYPED-UP SHENANIGANS.
AND THE LATE-NIGHT REVUES SHOWCASED THE COMEDIANS IN ATTENDANCE AT THEIR MOST RELAXED AND INSPIRED, SUCH AS DAVID CROSS OF "MR SHOW", THE MOST CONSISTENTLY HILARIOUS PERFORMER OF THE FESTIVAL!
...THE VIRGIN MARY APPEARED BEFORE ME, AND THEN SHE... SHE RAPED ME!
>SOB!<
BUT THE USUALLY GREGARIOUS MR. CROSS AND MOST OF HIS PEERS WERE ANYTHING BUT BY THE TIME THE LAST WRAP PARTY ROLLED AROUND. THESE PEOPLE WERE COMEDIED OUT!
...I'M SORRY, DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?
...I'M WASTED...
WHUH?
AND THEY WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES BURNED OUT ON "COMEDY", SINCE IN AN ENVIRONMENT WHERE EVERYTHING IS SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY, BY THE END NOTHING IS FUNNY, AND ONE BEGINS TO CRAVE A LITTLE VARIETY..
FIRST ANNUAL ASPEN TRAGEDY FESTIVAL
...JOHN, I HAVE CANCER..
BLAW! HAW! HAW!
NEXT YEAR'S COMEDY FEST SHOULD BE IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY A "TRAGEDY FESTIVAL"! HEY, I'M THERE!
THE END!

HATE JAMBOREE Bios:

A "roll-call" of all the talented folks who have contributed to HATE in the last 15 issues!

Ariel Bordeaux

An Art School graduate from Boston, MA, Ariel made the switch from doing paintings of young women consuming their own flesh to comics about roughly the same thing, when in 1993 she self-published the first issue of her mini-comic, *DEEP GIRL*. She relocated to San Francisco shortly after that, from where she put out three more issues of her acclaimed comic. Heavily influenced by Aline Kominsky-Crumb, as well as the more recent wave of autobiographical comic artists, *DEEP GIRL* presents a less-than-flattering portrait of the author in a humorously self-deprecating light. Special attention is given to the types of hang-ups over body image and self-esteem that a lot of you broads seem to suffer from

She has since relocated again to Seattle, where she co-habitates with Rick "Doofus" Altergott, of all people. Since that move she has written a graphic novel for Drawn & Quarterly entitled *NO LOVE LOST*, and occasionally contributes to other titles besides *HATE*

Ivan Brunetti

Ivan is a miserable wretch who was born in Italy but has lived in Chicago, IL for most of his life, and where he continues to work, live and suffer. Giving up on any hope of making it as a syndicated cartoonist, Ivan wound up throwing caution to the wind by baring his soul in the first issue of *SCHIZO*, originally published by Antarctic Press, but since finding its home at Fantagraphics. Three issues of *SCHIZO* have been published as of this writing.

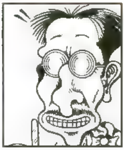
Ivan uses the lovingly rendered and superbly executed *SCHIZO* as a vehicle to express how much he feels that life sucks, and how much he hates himself and wishes he was dead in page after page, panel after panel. Why this comic has yet to make it to the top of the New York Times Best Sellers List is beyond me, although I suppose it's just a matter of time. And seeing how his mental condition appears to be genetically pre-disposed, we should all expect similar material from Ivan for the rest of his tortured life

Lisa Carver

Lisa is a native of swingin' New Hampshire, where she once again resides after years of trans-American relocation She first made a bit of her name for herself in the early '90s when she formed a GG Allin-inspired performance troupe called "Suckdog," who made a habit of being banned for life from every venue they performed in by committing such crimes like peeing on stage, or, worse, singing off-key. Hey, who needs drama school when you got the kind of spunk that Lisa does?!

Lisa also has been stirring shit up (figuratively, at least) with her typewriter as well for the last 10 or so years in her self-published magazine *ROLLERDERBY*, which taken as a whole is the best "personal 'zine" of all time. She currently has been making a fine living for herself and her young son Wolfgang both through her own magazine and by writing for several high-profile publications, the least of which is *HATE*

Robert Crumb

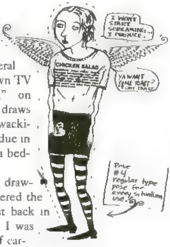


R. Crumb needs no introduction, except for those of you who have never heard of him. Unfortunately that used to include most people, until Robert re-established himself into America's consciousness by starring in a major motion picture in which he portrayed himself, and for which he was nominated for an Academy Award for "Best Giggler" (he lost).

Robert currently lives in France with his wife, the cartoonist Aline Kominsky-Crumb, and their daughter Sophie. He still produces first rate comic art, the most recent of which is *MYSTIC FUNNIES*, starring that crazy old lovable codger, Mr. Natural. If you haven't bought it already please do so It's great

Crumb is my all-time favorite comic book artist. In fact if it wasn't for the profound influence he had on me way back when I probably would have never even entered the comic book field. Damn you, Robert!

Dame Darcy



The Dame is one multi-talented filly: She sings, she dances, she arm wrestles, she plays several musical instruments, she has her own TV show ("Turn of the Century," on Manhattan Cable Access), and she draws beautifully She's also one of the wackiest, funniest people I've ever met, due in large part to her being as crazy as a bed-bug.

Darcy started sending me her drawings back around the time she entered the "Win a Date with Stinky" contest back in 1991 (her entry is pictured here). I was thrilled to see her tackle the art of cartooning a short while later, and she has since continued to impress and amaze. Nine issues of her Fantagraphics title *MEATCAKE* exist, with a tenth on its way, and she has countless other books, records, dolls and geegaws for sale as well — all of which are *must have* items!

Miss Darcy currently lives in NYC

Selwyn Harris

"Selwyn Harris" is the occasional pen name of one Mike McPadden, and if you've kept up with some of the stuff that Mr. McPadden has written under that name over the years you'd understand why he uses a nom de plume!

Mike/Selwyn used to put out a sloppily produced zine entitled "Happyland", in which the inhabitants were anything but This vaguely recalled (during his sober moments) record of his life as he was living it at the time — which would be NYC in the early '90s — as well his thoughts on contemporary pop culture in general, was one of the most sordid, depraved and psychotic assemblages of "thoughts" I have ever seen. A true milestone in... well, horribleness!

Since then Mike has (yawn) "cleaned up his act" by joining AA and at least trying to think before he acts. He's also seemingly given up his career as a porno mag editor for good

and is pursuing a book deal or two in which he plans to write more coherently on various pop culture subjects (which hopefully won't include Natalie Merchant).

Mr. McPadden currently lives in Brooklyn, NY, which he despises and of which he is a native.

Danny Hellman

Danny has been doing comic art for years, and his strips have frequently appeared in *SCREW* Magazine, as well as several comic anthologies. More recently he's been doing quite well for himself as an illustrator, appearing regularly in such stuffy, well-established publications as *THE WALL STREET JOURNAL* (when he's not giving people their well-deserved comeuppance on the internet, that is, right on!).

Danny does a great job with caricatures, which is why I asked him to illustrate this story ("What's in a Name?," from *HATE* #30).

Gilbert Hernandez

When he isn't busy producing some of the greatest comic titles ever known to man (such as the History-making *LOVE AND ROCKETS*, and more recently *GIRL CRAZY*, *NEW LOVE* and now *LUBA*), he's hacking out slop for *HATE*, just to get the likes of me off of his back.

Gilbert's got great taste in music and women, and he draws like a fiend. In other words, he's my kind of guy, a *man's man*, so don't knock him, okay? All right, then!

Jaime Hernandez

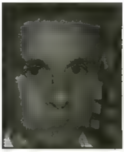
Jaime is Gilbert's little brother, and nobody knows anything about him, since he suffers from a bad case of "the shys."

He draws good, too. In fact, no one in the world draws better. (Please peruse back issues of *LOVE AND ROCKETS*, as well as his current title, *PENNY CENTURY*, for proof of this claim).

Walt Holcome and Tom King

Two funny cartoonists from Austin, TX. Walt recently did a title called *POOT* for Fantagraphics, while Tom once made a photo-funny starring himself wearing a dress. Hats off to both of them!

Kaz



Kaz gets an honorable mention here for his "cameo appearance" in *HATE* #30 — in which I'm told I drew him "all wrong" (I'm tellin' ya, folks, he had *blonde hair and glasses* back in our old Hoboken days! Since then I've tried not to look at him!).

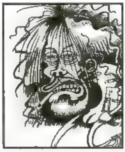
Kaz's "Underworld" strip is without a doubt the best and funniest comic strip in the world right now. One of these days someone with half a brain is gonna put it on TV and make a bazillion bucks off of it.

Aaron Lee

Ex-Kentuckian and Ex-purveyor of the fanzine "Blue Persuasion," Aaron loaded up the truck and moved to Beverly (Hills, that is) several years ago to work for none other than Larry Flynt — His Hero! He's also been trying his hand lately at his new passion: Stand-up comedy (which explains the 8" x 10" glossy that I ran with his last "Kickin' Ass!" column, though I suppose columnists can have 8" x 10" glossies made of themselves too if they choose to), while continuing to write for... well, nobody, these days, other than his employer... and *me*, his other hero.

Aaron's deadpan humor just kills me. I think he's the funniest man alive. I guess it takes a certain type of sensibility to appreciate it, though, since I must say that many of *HATE*'s readers did not get his column at all. The way many of the negative letter writers would characterize him could not have been more off the mark, and I wish I knew why that was. Oh well, it was their loss!

Alan Moore

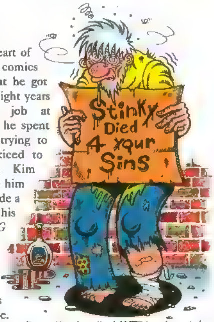


Alan Moore is the only "mainstream" artist whose work I really care about. In fact I think he's great. *FROM HELL*, *WATCHMEN*, *V FOR VENDETTA* — all great stuff. Alan delivers the goods!

He's a real nice guy, too — A cranky old hippie who still lives in the little old English town he grew up in... A real luddite, who hates computers, and doesn't trust the internet. I love the internet, but I'm really charmed by people who hate it. They're so... quaint!

I thought Moore was pulling my leg when he said he wanted to write a story about The Kool-Aid Man for *HATE*. I dreaded the day he finally sent it to me, only to be relieved and thrilled when I finally saw the script. He apologized in advance if I didn't find it funny, since he claimed to have written it while he was stoned on pot, but I was drunk when I first read it (it was St. Paddy's Day, you see), so *of course* I thought it was funny!

Pat Moriarity



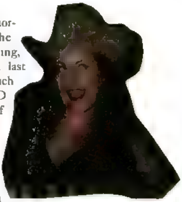
May, 2033 - Life without **HATE** hasn't treated Buddy all that well.

Pat's been at the heart of the swingin' Seattle comics scene from the moment he got off the bus from Iowa eight years ago and landed a job at Fantagraphics — a job he spent the next seven years trying to leave, only to be enticed to remain longer when Kim Thompson would bribe him with candy. Pat later made a name for himself with his comic book *BIG MOUTH*, in which he originally pulled a switch on the old Harvey Pekar shtick by drawing the stories that other people wrote. He had a pretty impressive line up of contributors, too, thanks to his tenaciousness. I'll never forget the time Pat knocked on my door unexpectedly to ask me yet again to write a story for his comic, this after I thought I had already given him the brush off. So this time I gave him a very emphatic "*NO!*" and as I was about to slam the door on his face I could see his big brown eyes starting to well up as he quietly muttered "...Okay, fine... Be that way...*Sniff*..." Consumed with guilt, I called him up later that day and agreed to write a story for him. Pat nailed another sucker!

I also should mention that Pat did almost all the production work and art direction on *HATE* from the first issue on, as well as the design and production of all my book collections. So in that sense I guess you could say that Pat is *HATE*'s first and *longest* contributor!

Mr. Moriarity currently lives in his own lovely home with his own lovely wife Lori, and makes his own lovely living as a freelance cartoonist/art director/illustrator. He also is the proud owner of a big, fat, high-powered computer that I very much covet.

Queen Itchie



Artist and writer extraordinaire, Itchie is also the Queen of self-publishing, what with the third and last issue of "Everything I Touch Turns to SHIT AND GARBAGE" being one of the greatest achievements in 'zine publishing history (in my opinion, anyway). She's planning on starting a new zine entitled "Salty," as well as editing a one-shot celebration of the wonder that is the Spice Girls entitled "SpiceCapades," which is due out very soon

Itchie is also an assistant art director and contributing writer at the *NEW YORK PRESS*, for whom she also writes a weekly listings/gossip column called "The 7-Day Itch." Her reviews in particular, both positive and negative, are among the sharpest and best written I've ever read — which shouldn't come as a surprise to the inhabitants of NYC, who get to enjoy Itchie's razor sharp wit and overall vivaciousness on a regular basis, while the rest of us don't! *Sob*!

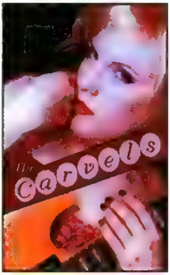
Eric Reynolds

When Eric isn't working full-time as Fantagraphics' promotions director, playing guitar for a half-dozen bands and drawing comics, posters and illustrations for umpteen different people, causes and/or publications, he inks stuff for me that Jim Blanchard couldn't be bothered with. *How does he do it, folks?*

He's gotten really good at inking, too, and in a real short amount of time. When does he have time to practice drawing anyway? It's not like he "doesn't have a life" either, 'cuz he still goes on dates and goes to shows and everything. It's one of life's great mysteries, I guess.

Equally mystifying is what a seemingly normal, well-rounded person like Eric Reynolds is doing at a freak zoo like Fant. in the first place. I won't be surprised if it turns out that Eric's the biggest freak of all... It's just a matter of time...

Lynne Von Schlicting



Atlantic City, NJ native and all-'round "glamour goil" Lynne Von S started sending me samples of her comics right around the time I was quitting *WEIRDO*, although I did manage to squeeze in one comic of hers: This X-rated version of "Gilligan's Island" that was actually read aloud in a court of law during some dumb-ass obscenity trial in some dumb-ass Southern state a few years later. Everything she does is flat-out hilarious, in my opinion, although her output has always been slow, due to the fact that she's a full-time *rock star*, first with a band called "Da Willys," then with the "Trick Babys," and now with her latest combo, "The Carvels." I saw her sing in some dive bar here in Seattle once, and let me tell ya, folks, she can really belt it! Everything Lynne did for *HATE* was co-written by her ex-husband Larry Fisher, a real-life Fred Flintstone who owns this funky 2nd-hand shop (just like Buddy Bradley!) in NYC called "Space Age Bachelor Pad." Recently tragedy struck when their old apartment in Queens burned to the ground — a lot of *priceless stuff* got lost in that blaze, too, from what I hear. But by all accounts Lynne is bouncing right back and continues her rock 'n' roll reign over the Tri-State Area. Ya just can't keep a good woman down, folks!!

Kevin Scalzo

The first time I met Kevin was at a yard sale I was taking part in. He stopped by to peruse the merchandise, then pointed at me and went "Oh my god, you're Peter Bagge!" He then jumped into his car and drove away at top speed. We both felt like total idiots when discussing this episode afterwards, me because I was wearing one of my own stupid T-shirts at the time (a one-of-a-kind Studs Kirby shirt that somebody sent me), which was how he recognized me! Talk about yer shameless self-promotion — and at a *yard sale*, no less!

Anyhow, now Kevin's brother and sister-in-law live right across the street from me, and he's currently working at Fantagraphics as well, so we're both sick to death of each other by now. And when he's not slaving away for my publisher he's cranking out the mini-comics. first with three issues of the oddly-named "BoobieTit," and now with "Chop Suey".

I love the way Kevin draws.

Adrian Tomine

Adrian does a comic called *OPTIC NERVE*. Duh It's one of my favorite comic books, by the way. I find it highly readable and engaging — two qualities that are inexplicably rare the days.

Adrian's a great guy, too. He's a lot younger that me and most of my peers, but he's just as square and crotchety and cynical as the rest of us "old timers." He's a "twenty-something" *grandpa!*

His art on the strip we did together ("Shamrock Squid", *HATE* #28) reminded me a lot of John Severin's work in *CRACKED* magazine. I kept telling him how we're the Mort Todd/John Severin team-up of the '90s! This comparison didn't seem to excite him too much.

Karl Wills

Karl Wills is the one contributor of whom I have no anecdotes to share, mainly because he lives in New Zealand and we have no friends in common. All I can say about him is that he's the most accomplished cartoonist I've ever seen who's never been published — aside from his self-published mini-comics, that is. He mixes a grim, Ivan Brunetti-like gallows humor with a beautiful 1930s-ish drawing style. I'm sold!

Karl does some work in animation, but the market for both animation and comics is awfully small in New Zealand, unfortunately for him. He should move to the US, so he can continue to struggle and starve in both fields over here as well!

And now it's time for...

COLORISTS' CORNER!

Mary Woodring

Wife of Jim, mother of Max, colorist of *HATE*s #16-20. Mary did some coloring work for her husband that looked just fine, and thus seemed like just the person to choose the colors for *HATE*. Which she was, until issue #20, after which she simply didn't feel like doing it any more. Either that or it was my B. O.

Jeff Johnson

Atlanta cartoonist Jeff Johnson moved to Seattle right around the time Mary Woodring was ready to quit as *HATE*'s colorist, and seeing how Jeff was looking for something to do we had him fill in for her. As those of you who are familiar with Jeff's own comics (such as *NURTURE THE DEVIL*) could imagine, he had a really bizarre color sense that sometimes worked beautifully, and other times drove me insane. After issue #23 he was replaced by my wife Joanne (mainly because I didn't have to pay her), and Jeff moved back to Georgia shortly afterwards.

Joanne Bagge

Colored *HATE* from issue #24 to #30. She was a fine art major in art school, so she knew how to mush colors together quite well. Plus by this time our daughter Hannah was starting school, which gave her more free time to be ordered around by yours truly. Having a colorist under the same roof as me worked out great, since we were able to work side by side and work out color schemes together.

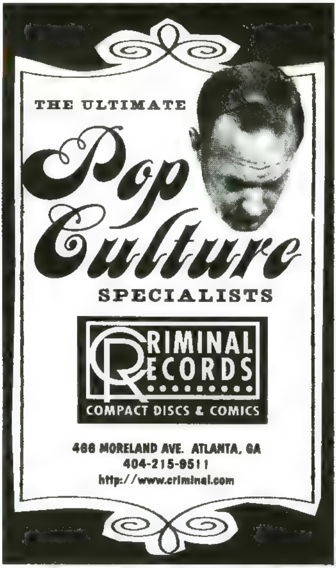
The only downside was that she now had to examine my work closely, since she was coloring the stuff, and suddenly became hypercritical of my drawings: "Look at this drawing! It's awful! The proportion is all wrong — and what the hell is this supposed to be, a door? Ugh!" I had to explain to her that this wasn't "art" — that they were just comics, where *nothing matters* and *nobody cares* — before she finally let up. Sheesh!

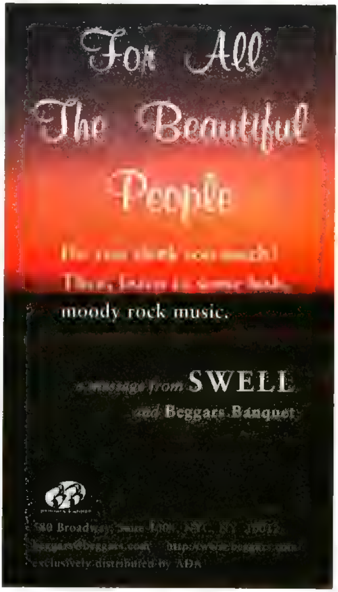
Rebecca Bowen

Rebecca worked in various capacities at Fantagraphics for many years before being saddled with the glamorous task of color production on *HATE* (that's the person who drops the colors designated by the colorist's guides into the computer). She loved the job, though — or at least that's what she told me.

Rhea Patton

Rhea has also worked at Fant. for several years under several capacities and "job descriptions," and not only became *HATE*'s ad salesperson but wound up taking over the color production as well. I eventually be-came so dependent on Ms. Patton for so many different reasons that when she asks me to do things like parade along the highway at night stark naked singing "Camptown Ladies" at the top of my lungs or else she'll quit, how could I say no? (My next performance will be this Tuesday at 11 p.m.)





PETER BAGGE BIBLIOGRAPHY

This list is bound to be incomplete. It also does not include record sleeves, posters or other promotional and/or unauthorized items. It is simply a vain attempt to catalog all published work, i.e.: books, newspapers, magazines and comics. —PB

1980

EAST VILLAGE EYE
Apr. 30 1980
Alt. culture tabloid
1 comic strip: "Junior." First Bagge strip ever printed

EAST VILLAGE EYE
Sept/Oct 1980; Summer 1980; Thanxgiving 1980.
1 strip each (3 altogether).

WORLD WAR THREE #1
Comic book published and edited by Seth Tobacman and Peter Kuper
3 pages of strips

COMICAL FUNNIES #1
Tabloid format. Self-published with John Holmstrom, Bruce Carleton and Ken Weiner, under the name SOB ("Serious Old Businessmen") Publications
Approximately 7 pages of comics.

1981

COMICAL FUNNIES #2
(Now co-published with JD King)
Cover and approx. 5 pages

COMICAL FUNNIES #3.
Approx. 6 pages of comics, plus 4 pages worth of collaborations with Holmstrom, King and Doug Bagge

D.O.A. (PUNK Magazine Special Edition)
Slick magazine format
1 1/2 pages of comics.

WEIRDO #3
(Magazine-sized comic anthology, edited by R. Crumb, Pub. by Last Gasp)
3 page comic reprinted from CF, in collaboration with Doug Bagge, J Holmstrom and JD King.

SCREW
June 29, 1981
Porno tabloid
Illustrations for 3 page article

SCREW
Nov 8 1981
2 page strip.

HIGH TIMES
Jan 1981
Slick newsstand pro-drug magazine.
2 strips.

HIGH TIMES
Mar. 1981; Aug 1981, Oct. 1981;
1 strip each (3 altogether).

HIGH TIMES
Nov 1981
1 page strip, w/ JD King

1982

The WACKY WORLD of PETER BAGGE and KEN WEINER
(Comic book format, color covers, w/ "flip," dual front covers, b&w interior. Self-published with Ken Weiner). Cover and 24 pages of comics, 2 of which were collaborations w/ Doug Bagge.

STOP! #1-5
(24 page magazine, Pub. by J Holmstrom and JD King)
1 page strip in each issue (5 altogether).

SCREW
June 21, 1982
3 page strip with JD King.

SCREW
Sept. 6, 1982
3 page strip.

SCREW
Dec. 6th. 1982
2 page strip

HIGH TIMES
Jan 1982
2 strips, one w/ JD King.

HIGH TIMES
Sept. 1982
1 page strip, w/Doug Bagge

SWANK
Jan 1982, Aug. 1982
slick men's magazine
1 strip each

VIDEO GAMES
Oct 1982
Slick newsstand magazine
1 page strip, plus gag panel

THROTTLE
Nov/Dec., 1982
Virginia alt. culture tabloid
1 strip.

TERMINAL #10
Phil., PA alt. culture tabloid.
1 strip.

1983

WEIRDO #8
6 page "Martini Baton" collaboration w/ David Carrino.

WEIRDO #9
1 page strip.

STOP! #6-8
1 page strip in each

SCREW Feb. 7, 1983
Color cover

SCREW May 16, 1983
Illos for 4 page article

SCREW Nov. 21st, 1983
3 page strip.

THE BEST OF HIGH TIME COMIX Vol. IV
4 reprinted pages.

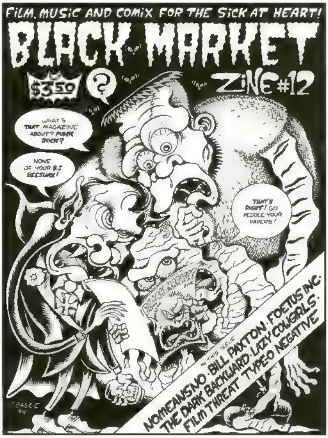
VIDEO GAMES Jan. 1983
1 gag panel

VIDEO GAMES Mar 1983
1 page strip

VIDEO X June 1983
Slick porno magazine
1 full color strip.

THROTTLE Dec. 1983
1 strip.

TERMINAL #12-14
1 strip each (3 altogether).



1984

WEIRDO #10
(Note, WEIRDO #'s 10-17 and #25 were edited by P. Bagge)
8 pages of comics, back cover, plus letters pages

WEIRDO #11
6 page "MB" collaboration w/ D. Carrino, letters pgs

STOP! #9
1 page strip.

BAD NEWS #2
Over-sized comics anthology
2 page strip

SCREW Jan 23, 1984
3 page strip, collab. w/ J.D King.

SCREW 1 page strip.

SCREW Mar 12, 1984
1 page strip (reprint)

SCREW Feb 6, May 7th., Aug. 15, Sept. 24th., Dec 10. 1984
1 page strip in each

VIDEO GAMES Jan 1984
Gag panel

VIDEO GAMES Feb. 1984
1 page strip.

THE ROCKET Oct. 1984
Seattle music tabloid
Illo for D. Eichhorn story

1985

NEAT STUFF #1-3
32 page comic magazine. Published by Fantagraphics Books
Entire contents of each issue of NEAT STUFF is by P. Bagge

WEIRDO #12
8 pages, letters pgs.

WEIRDO #13
5 pages, plus a 4 page "Bradleys" collaboration w/ David Coulson, letters pgs.

WEIRDO #14
6 pages of "MB" w/ D. Carrino, letters pages.

SEATTLE STAR #1
Starhead, all-comics tabloid
Color cover

SCREW May 13, 1985
1 gag panel

SCREW May 20, June 10, 1985
1 page strip in each

SCREW June 24th, 1985
1 page strip (reprint)

SCREW Oct. 14th., 1985
Color cover

ZOMOID: "Eat Shit or Die!"
Ray Zone, digest sized mini. Later reprinted in the comic book "Zomoid Illustories" in 1989, and again as a standard mini by Starhead in 1993
16 page strip, in collaboration with J.R. Williams.

1986
NEAT STUFF #4-6

WEIRDO #15
1 page strip, letters pgs

WEIRDO #17
Letters pgs.

WEIRDO #18
1 page strip.

CRACKED #220
2 pages, drawn by Dan Clowes.

CRACKED #221
2 pages, drawn by Bill Wray.

CRACKED #224
1 page, drawn by Bill Wray.

HONK! #2
Comics anthology. Magazine format.
2 illustrations, accompanying Alan Moore story.

SCREW June 2, 1986
1 page strip.

COMICS JOURNAL #106
Fant., magazine format
Original cover collaboration by Bagge and Crumb, along with a feature length interview with the same, discussing WEIRDO

1987
NEAT STUFF #7-9

WEIRDO #19
2 page strip.

TWIST #1
Kitchen Sink, comic book format.
1 page comic.

BLAB! #2
Digest-sized magazine.
Illustration accompanying short article by Bagge.

CRACKED #226
1 page, w/ Bill Wray.

CRACKED #230
4 pages w/ J. Severin, 1 page w/ Bill Wray

CRACKED #232
1 page, drawn by Bill Wray.

THE ROCKET Aug. 1987
"Jam" cover with Michael Dougan and Mark Zingarelli

VILLAGE VOICE June 2 1987
Tabloid
Illo.

SEATTLE STAR #11
All-Bagge issue, w/ orig. color cover, plus reprinted material

THE BEST OF NEAT STUFF
Trade paperback collection of material reprinted from NS Original cover. Introduction by R. Crumb.

ANYTHING GOES! #4
Fant., full color comic. Mini-series put out by Fantagraphics to offset legal fees in frivolous suit.
1 page strip, colored by Dan Clowes.

1988
NEAT STUFF #10-12

TWIST #2
Kitchen Sink, Comic book format
2 page comic

CRACKED #233
4 pages w/ Bill Wray, 2 pages drawn by John Severin

CRACKED #235
4 pages w/ Bill Wray, 2 pages w/ Bob Fingerman.

CRACKED #239
4 pages, w/ Bill Wray.

CHEMICAL IMBALANCE #8
Standard sized Alt. Culture magazine
Self-portrait, accompanying feature interview.

MINNESOTA MONTHLY
June, 1988
Slick monthly magazine
Illustration.

1989
NEAT STUFF #13-15
(issue #15 was the final issue)

WEIRDO #25
3 pages w/ D. Carrino, 8 pages w/ Dan Clowes. (The latter was later reprinted in the Clowes collection *LOUT RAMPAGE (Fant., 1994)*

YOUR FLESH #16
Standard sized alt. culture magazine
Full color cover

NORTHWEST EXTRA #4
Political/alt. culture tabloid, published by D. Eichhorn.
Color cover and centerfold, accompanying article by Harvey Pekar

VILLAGE VOICE July 18th, 1989
Comic strip for music supplement

THE BRADLEYS
Trade paperback, reprinted material, original cover.

STUDS KIRBY THE VOICE OF AMERICA
Trade paperback, reprinted material, original cover

1990
HATE #1-3
24-page comic book, comic format, Color covers, b&w interior. (Pub. by Fantagraphics.)
Entire contents of HATE's #1-15 by P. Bagge.

WEIRDO #27
2 pages w/ D. Carrino.

DRAWN & QUARTERLY #1
Comic anthology, magazine format.
Reprinted 1 page strip

REAL STUFF #1
Fant., comic book format
Full color cover, and 1 page strip written by D. Eichhorn.

TESTOSTERONE CITY
Pub. by Starhead, Mini-comic format. Color cover, b&w interior
Single-themed mini comic
Color by Jim Blanchard.
Reprinted in digest sized format, 2-color cover in 1993

BOINGO
Magazine-sized comics-zine put out by Comic Relief comic shop in Berkeley.
Reprinted illustration on cover, along with feature interview.

JUNIOR AND OTHER LOSERS
Fant., Trade paperback, reprinted material

THE BEST COMICS OF THE DECADE, VOL. 1
Fant., trade paperback
9 page strip, reprinted from NS.

1991
HATE #4-7

REAL STUFF #3, 10
3 page strip, written by D. Eichhorn, in each

THE ROCKET March, 1991
Full color cover, a portrait of R. Crumb

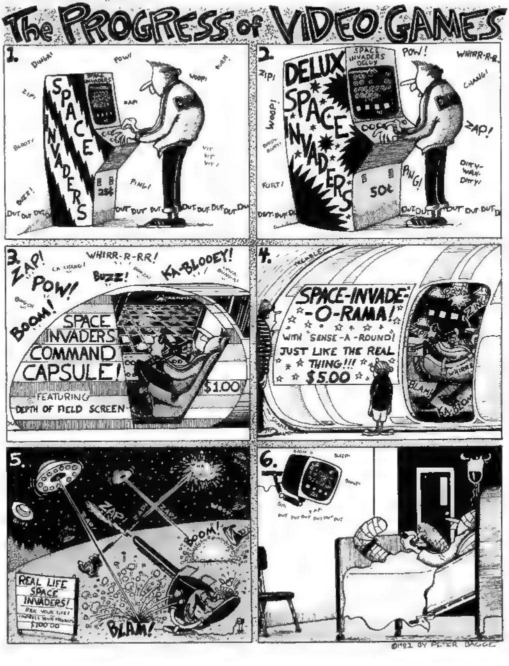
ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY #60
Slick newsstand magazine
Self portrait (also reprinted on the front cover), accompanying bio.

GUITAR WORLD Feb. 1991
Slick newsstand magazine
1 illustration (later reprinted for Rhino records' "DIY" series)

WAR NEWS #2
Anti Gulf war news tabloid
1 comic strip.

STUPID COMICS
Fant., Trade paperback, reprinted material, orig. cover

From VIDEO GAMES magazine 1982



1992
HATE #8-12

BIG MOUTH #2
Starhead, comic book format
4 page story by Bagge, drawn by Pat Moriarity and Jim Blanchard.

SCREW COMICS
Eros, comic book format.
5 one page strips, reprinted from SCREW magazine.

CMJ PROGRAM GUIDE, 1992
Slick sqarebound magazine.
Full color cover illustration.

BIG O #82
British, slick music magazine.
Color cover.

ARTFORUM Summer 1992
Slick, square bound arts magazine.
1 page comic.

DETAILS August 1992
Slick men's fashion magazine.
2 page full color comic. colored by Jim and Mary Woodring.

THE BRADLEYS
Trade paperback, newer, complete edition, orig. cover.

NO TREND PRESS
German music magazine.
Orig. color cover, with feature interview (in German).

1993
HATE #13-14

VERRE D'EAU (WEIRDO #28)
6 pgs .w/ D. Carrino.

BIG MOUTH #3
Starhead. Comic book format.
3 page story, drawn by Pat Moriarity and Jim Blanchard.

URBAN LEGENDS #1
Dark Horse, comic book format.
1 page strip.

GEARHEAD #2
Full color cover.

SPIN Sept. '93
Slick music magazine
Portrait of D. Clowes (w/ Clowes Portrait of Bagge, accompanying story on "Hateball" Tour).

HEY, BUDDY!
Fant., trade paperback AND hard cover editions. Reprinted material from HATE #s 1-5. Original cover, plus introduction by JD King.

I LIKE COMICS!
Comic-sized fanzine with color cover. Published by Makeshift Media.
Co-edited by P. Bagge and H. Harvilicz. Covers by P. Bagge Some interior text and interviews conducted by P. Bagge.

COMICS JOURNAL # 159.
A feature length interview with Bagge, with an original cover.

1994
HATE #15

HATE #16
The first full-color issue. The feature story in HATE's #s 16-30 were inked by Jim Blanchard, as were the covers from #19 onwards. Color in #s 16-20 by Mary Woodring, #s 21-23 by Jeff Johnson, #s 24-30 by Joanne Bagge.

DUPLEX PLANET #10
Fant., comic book format.
Full color cover.

REAL STUFF #20
6 page strip, written by D. Eichhorn, inked by Jim Blanchard.

BLACK MARKET #12
Magazine-sized punk zine.
Original full-color cover. Color by Christine Bagge (Bagge's sister).

LECH MICH #1-#8
German version of HATE, with original color covers. #'s 1-5 colored by Christine Bagge.

HAPPYLAND #8
Magazine-sized fanzine
Centerfold Illo.

HUSTLER Apr 1994
Slick newsstand porno magazine.
2 page full color illo, inked and colored by Jim Blanchard.

DETAILS May 1994
1 page full color comic.

THE STRANGER
March 7th, 1994
Weekly Seattle tabloid.
Color cover portrait of Russ and Janet, owners of Fallout Records.

THE ROCKET
March 16th, 1994
Color illustration.

BUDDY THE DREAMER
Fant., trade and hard cover editions. Reprinted material from HATE #s 6-10. Orig. cover.

1995
HATE #17-20
(HATE #20 featured an 8 page back-up story inked by Eric Reynolds)

HATE #21
(HATE #'s 21-30 featured back up features by other artists and writers).

MADMAN #8
Dark Horse, full color comic book.
Back cover illustration, part of a series by guest artists. Colored by Laura Allred.

SPIN Apr '95
1 page strip.

THE STRANGER Apr. 12th
"Jam" cover with Ed Brubaker, Ellen Forney, Roberta Gregory, Tom Hart and Jim Woodring.

SCREAMING LIFE
HarperCollins, hard cover. Collection of photos by Charles Peterson.
Illustration.

FUN WITH BUDDY AND LISA
Fant., trade and hard cover editions. Reprinted material from HATE #s 11-15. Orig. cover.

STUDS KIRBY: "THE VOICE OF AMERICA"
Fant., trade paperback, 2nd edition. New original cover.

1996
HATE #22
5 page back-up strip inked by Eric Reynolds.

HATE #23-25

BART'S SIMPSON'S TREEHOUSE OF HORROR #2
Bongo, full color comic book.
Script for second of two stories, drawn by Stephanie Gladden, inked by Tim Bavington.

MOO #20
Ohio-based music tabloid.
Sketch accompanying Action Suits article.

1997
HATE #26
3 page back-up strip collaboration w/ Gilbert Hernandez.

HATE #27
7 page back-up strip collaboration w/ R.Crumb.

HATE #28
7 page back-up strip collaboration w/ Adrian Tomine.

HATE #29

FIZZ #9
Standard-sized punk music magazine
Small color illo on front cover.

(EVERYTHING I TOUCH TURNS TO) SHIT & GARBAGE #3
Magazine-sized, Xeroxed zine
Illustration.

ALIENS: HAVOC part one of two part mini-series.
Dark Horse, full-color comic book.
1 page illustrated by Bagge, inked by Eric Reynolds, written by Mark Schultz. (A different artist drew each page).

KUTIE #1
Glossy magazine format,
Gag panel, signed as "Bago."

GOLDMINE #438
Tabloid record collector's guide.
Full color cover, inked by Eric Reynolds, color by Rick Altergott.

BUDDY, GO HOME!
Fant., trade paperback.
Reprinted material from HATE #s 16-20. Orig. cover.

1998
HATE #30
4 page back up strip in collab. w/ Alan Moore, inked by Eric Reynolds. 4 page back-up strip collab. w/ Danny Hellman.

KUTIE #3-4
Gag panel, by "Bago," in each.

CORNY'S FETISH
Dark Horse, comic book format.
Back cover art by Bagge, inked by Jim Blanchard.

DETAILS July 1998
4 page, full color comic. Color by Joanne Bagge.

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY Campus Edition # 4
Smaller sized "College" version of Newsstand Magazine.
1 page full color comic. Colored by Joanne Bagge.

SEATTLE WEEKLY, Aug. 12th
1 page comic.

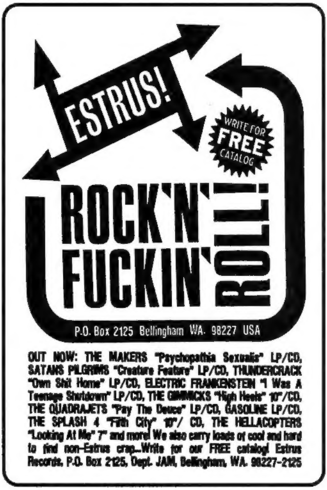
SPICE CAPADES
(Magazine format, comics and text, pub. by Fant.)
Wrap around cover, 3 page strip, plus 2 page collab. w/ Mike Wartella.

DONNA'S DAY
16 page "Missive Device" mini comic, color cover, published by Slab-O'-Concrete.
Cover and story drawn by P. Bagge, based on a comic strip diary by Donna Mathes.

COMICS JOURNAL # 206
Feature length interview with Bagge, with originalcover.

NEW YORK PRESS June 24th, 1998
Tabloid
Full color cover for Music Supplement.

HATE JAMBOREE
You're lookin' at it, pallie!



PETE BAGGE, ALL-AMERICAN
A TRIBUTE by KIM THOMPSON

As someone of mixed Euro-American parentage, who spent at least a third of his pixilated young life farting around on non-American soil, I'm afraid I must confess I sometimes regard homegrown 100% true-blue Americans with a jaundiced eye.

Still and all, if I had to point out to my fellow Euro-Snobs and World-Weenies all that is fine and decent and worthy about the American spirit, I would unhesitatingly borrow the pedestal I keep for my wife (100% cornfed true-blue mid-western American gal that she is) and haul it off to Ballard, Wash., and then demand that Pete step on up. (And he could use it, too — he's not the tallest fella to ever wield a pencil.)

Pete's work makes me laff. He comes from a vein of American humor — well, everything in American culture can be traced back to London or Paris or Athens or whatever, but Pete's style of humor has been exploited and refined by a long series of Americans (culminating in the Holy Trinity of Harvey Kurtzman, Robert Crumb, and Big Daddy Roth) to the point where it can legitimately be described as pure, refined (I mean, as refined as fart and puke jokes can be) American laughsmanship. Cruel yet compassionate, balanced between whipsmart and bone stoopid, and never, ever smug or self-righteous.

And Pete's level-headedness reminds me, in these nutty '90s, that there was a time (and might well be again) when Americans stood for a certain *sensibleness* that split the difference between those wacky short-fused French and Latins and those near-comatosely stolid Germans and Scandinavians. (Sorry, Mom.) By normal human standards, the man is a rock. (By the standards of cartoonists, he's the Rock of Gibraltar.)

Even the things I don't like about Pete, I like. His libertarian streak makes my blood run cold at times (yeah, I'm one o' them bleeding-heart socialist-style give-it-all-to-the-bums types), but he's a compassionate, sensible libertarian (i.e., I agree with him on most issues anyway) and you could spend a whole weekend with him and not notice. His taste in movies and music...oy. But I respect the fact that among all my friends, he's perhaps the only one who never puts on a show of liking (or disliking) something because he wants to be perceived as cool. Pete is the champ of post-ironic '90s straight-shootin' hipdom. It's hilarious watching people desperately try to suss out the "irony" of Pete's enjoyment of the Spice Girls or Rat Pack movies, when I know he plain likes 'em because he likes 'em and that's that. I wish I had the cojones to say that, for example, I love the *Lethal Weapon* movies — but I don't. Pete does. And that, to my mind, is pretty goddamned American.

The American way used to be, you accumulate power and money, and then you use it to help your fellow men and women. (This last couple of decades, that second part has kinda fallen by the wayside.) As someone who has risen to the top of the (admittedly microscopic) alternative-comics heap, Pete has been so unstintingly generous to his community of fellow cartoonists — from his editorship of *WEIRDO*, the legendary Joanne Bagge-catered parties, his endless plugs and collaborations and special favors, and on and on and on — that he's gotten his just reward: an inner-circle bunch of fiercely loyal friends who'd take a bullet for him, and a (much bigger) outer circle of ungrateful, bitter, jealous dickheads who wish they had his talent or his manners and therefore hate his guts. Hey, Pete, remember that as warming as the love of your nearest and dearest and sundry worthies may be, the hatred and contempt of the lame and pathetic is, in its own way, just as invigorating! (At least that's what I tell myself.)

Me and Gary, we've been working with Pete for close to a decade and a half now, and I expect we'll keep at it twice as long again. In the year 2,027, I'll be sittin' there writing another weasely letter to irate creditors (squinting through my trifocals at the newfangled keyboardless Thot-O-Matic Word TurboProcessor), and I'll hear the crunch of Pete's walker in the driveway, and I'll know he's got a new wad of cartoons (still drawn with ink on paper, thank you very much), and I'll know that even if the linework is a little shaky, like late-'90s Charles Schulz, each and every one will make me laugh my fucking ass off. And that's a good thing to look forward to.

PETE BAGGE, PINKO-COMMIE
A REBUTTAL by GARY GROTH

Pete Bagge, All-American? That's probably what Pete, in that pranksterish Twainesque mode of his, wants us to believe, but he can't fool me. The evidence is knee-deep that he is, all pretense aside, about the most unAmerican American there is.

First, the decisive evidence and then the circumstantial stuff.

Peter Christian Bagge has never joined the Fantagraphics/Seattle cartooning community when we've lugged various industrial wreckage and a small arsenal of weapons to a red-neck gravel pit an hour's drive from Seattle for an all-American shoot-'em-up. Proof positive that Pete is about as American as Eugene V. Debs. The fact is, no red-blooded American male — real American male, that is — could resist the heft of a fully loaded .357 Magnum, or fail to swoon at the manly kick of said gun when a 158-grain steel-jacketed slug roars out the barrel at 8,000 feet per second and rips into some useless and hateful piece of high-tech debris brought for precisely that purpose. Why, even Jim Woodring, artist supreme, has been known to heft a 12 gauge shotgun. And even Kim, contaminated by years of living in Europe, has come along (once). I don't care how many bad movies you like, if you don't damned near have an orgasm when you rapid-fire eight slugs from a 10 mm into the side of a beater, you're not much of an American. Every time I invite Pete, he looks queasy and skulks off. Case closed.

Speaking of Pete's love of bad movies. Don't believe it for a minute. Pete lovs to play with people's heads. He was at the office the other day and in order to test my theory that this is a front, I said nonchalant-like, "Oh, Pete, what did you think of *L'Atalante*?" and unhesitatingly, Pete enthused, "Oh, what a sublime piece of cinema! How did you know that was one of my favor—" Stopping abruptly, face red, looking around like a shoplifter caught in mid-theft, he muttered something unintelligible (like "I don't know what you're talking about, never heard of it...") and crept off. Of course, he may have been playing with my head then, but I bet he went home to study some comics with panel after panel of leaves falling off trees.

Then there's his well-known libertarianism. Yeah, right. Here's Mr. Libertarian working for the biggest collectivist organization in the world, Time-Warner, whose income is greater than most countries' GNPs and who employ more people than populate Afghanistan.

Then there's his generosity toward fellow cartoonists, to which I can attest. Doesn't sound like someone who approves wholeheartedly of greed-crazed capitalist piggishness, does it? No self-respecting entrepreneur would help the competition as much as Pete has. Evidently, he just can't constrain his natural tendencies toward namby-pamby liberalism.

So, Pete Bagge, all-American? Nah, he doesn't fool me. Pete's more like the Vaclav Havel of American comics. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

GOOD OL' POSTERITY
OR: "REMEMBER CICILY FARQUAR—PLEASE?"
©1992 BY PETER BAGGE
ARRRGH!
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I CANNOT BELIEVE THE "ARTISTS" THESE MAGAZINES ARE TRUMPETING AS THE LATEST, GREATEST THINGS!
SURELY THESE PEOPLE MUST BE JOKING!
ARTFORUM
THAT'S THE FINAL STRAW! NEVER AGAIN WILL I CONCERN MYSELF WITH THE INEX-PLICABLE WHIMS OF THE "FINE ART ESTABLISHMENT"!
I REFUSE TO PLAY BY THEIR RULES!
SLAM!
HRRMPF! JUST BECAUSE I DON'T GO TO THEIR STUPID PARTIES AND JUST BECAUSE THEY THINK MY PAINTINGS ARE UGLY—AND THAT I'M UGLY—THEY FEEL JUSTIFIED IN IGNORING ME!
FINE! SEE IF I CARE!
DRIP!
DROP!
DROOP!
..GODDAMNED ART MAFIA AND THEIR SILLY MATRONS THINK THEY CAN DEPRIVE ME OF ALL THE WEALTH AND ACCLAIM I SO RICHLY DESERVE...
FINE! JUST WAIT 'TIL AFTER I'M DEAD—THEN THEY'LL BE SINGING A DIFFERENT TUNE!
SPLISH!
SPLASH!
SPLOOSH!
I HAVE COMPLETE FAITH IN POSTERITY!
TIME WILL BE THE FINAL JUDGE!
YEARS LATER...
...SAY, DID YOU HEAR THAT CICILY FARQUAR DIED?
CICILY WHO? —OH, WAIT, WASN'T SHE THAT SAD LITTLE THING WHO HAD A STUDIO IN TONY'S BUILDING?
YEAH... *TSK*....HER PAINTINGS WERE PRETTY SAD, TOO ...OH WELL...
OOH, HEY, WE'D BETTER HURRY AND CATCH THE END OF MARK'S OPENING IF WE WANT TO GET INVITED TO HIS EXCLUSIVE PARTY AFTERWARDS...

Brought
to you
by
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